

EWING • ALLEN • YEUNG • ABURTOV

MARVEL

1

LGY#213

BLACK PANTHER



WAKANDA MAY NO LONGER HAVE A KING, BUT IT STILL HAS A HERO! THE MOST EXCITING CHAPTER OF T'CHALLA'S LIFE BEGINS HERE!



OH, MY COUNTRY.

MY PEOPLE. EACH OF YOU. THE RIGHTEOUS...

...AND THOSE WHO HAVE FALLEN FROM GRACE.

THE CITY OF BIRNIN T'CHAKA. FAR NORTHWEST CORNER OF WAKANDA.



MY VEINS, THE ESSENCE OF MY LIFE, ARE YOURS.



FITTING, THEN, THAT I KNOW WHAT STIRS IN THIS YOUNG MAN PERHAPS BEFORE HE DOES. I HEAR HIS BLOOD PUMPING WITH ANTICIPATION.



HIS HEART IS SEEN BY ME.



WHY DID I LET HIM DO IT, THEN?



UNTIL THE FINAL MOMENT,
UNTIL THAT FINAL, **RAGGED**,
ELEVATED BREATH, UNTIL
THAT SURGE OF CORTISOL
AND ADRENALINE,
I THOUGHT...

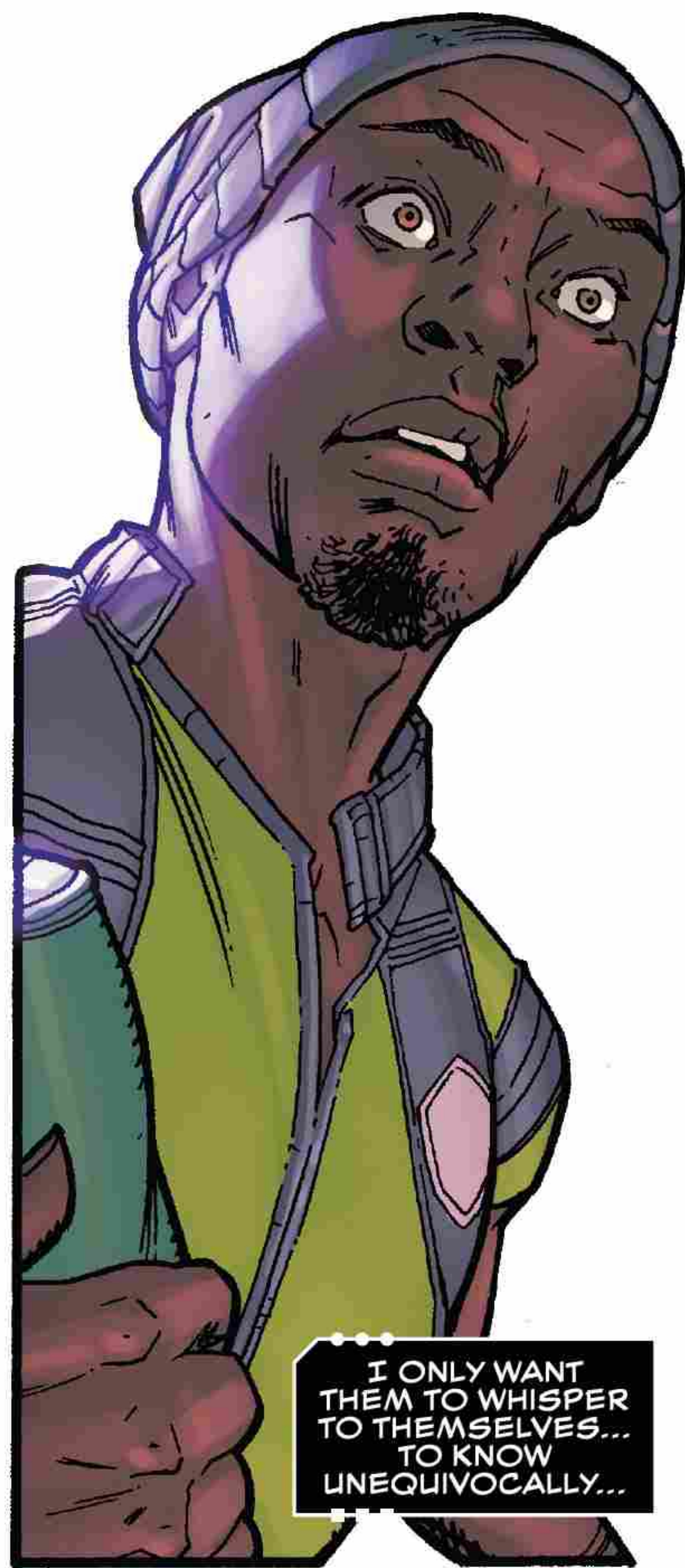


...I THOUGHT
SOMETHING
ELSE WAS STILL
POSSIBLE.



MY GOAL IS
NOT TO **HURT**
HIM.

I WISH ONLY TO
RETURN WHAT
WAS **STOLEN**.



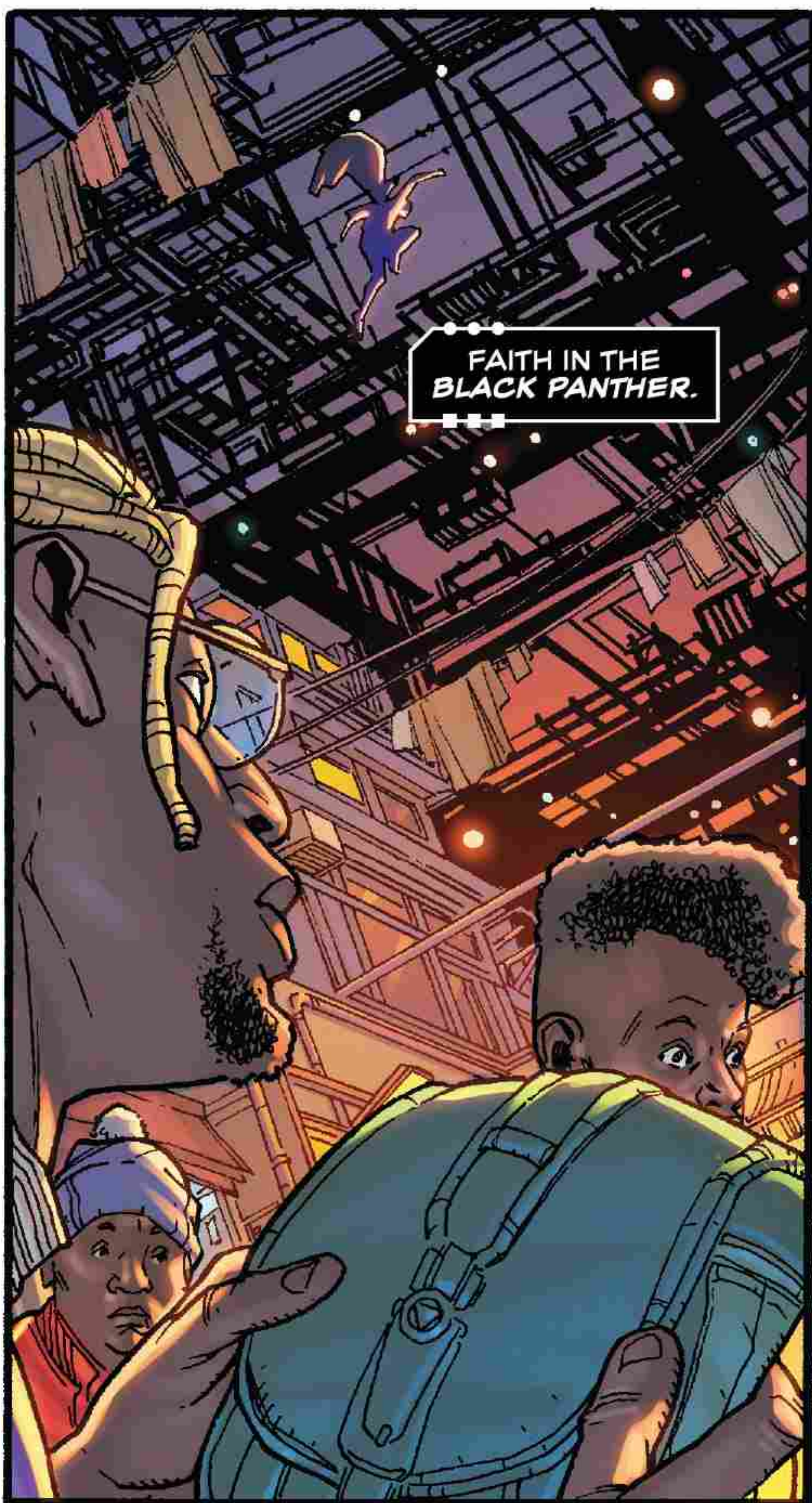
I ONLY WANT
THEM TO WHISPER
TO THEMSELVES...
TO KNOW
UNEQUIVOCALLY...

WAKANDA IS
STILL A NATION
OF LAW.

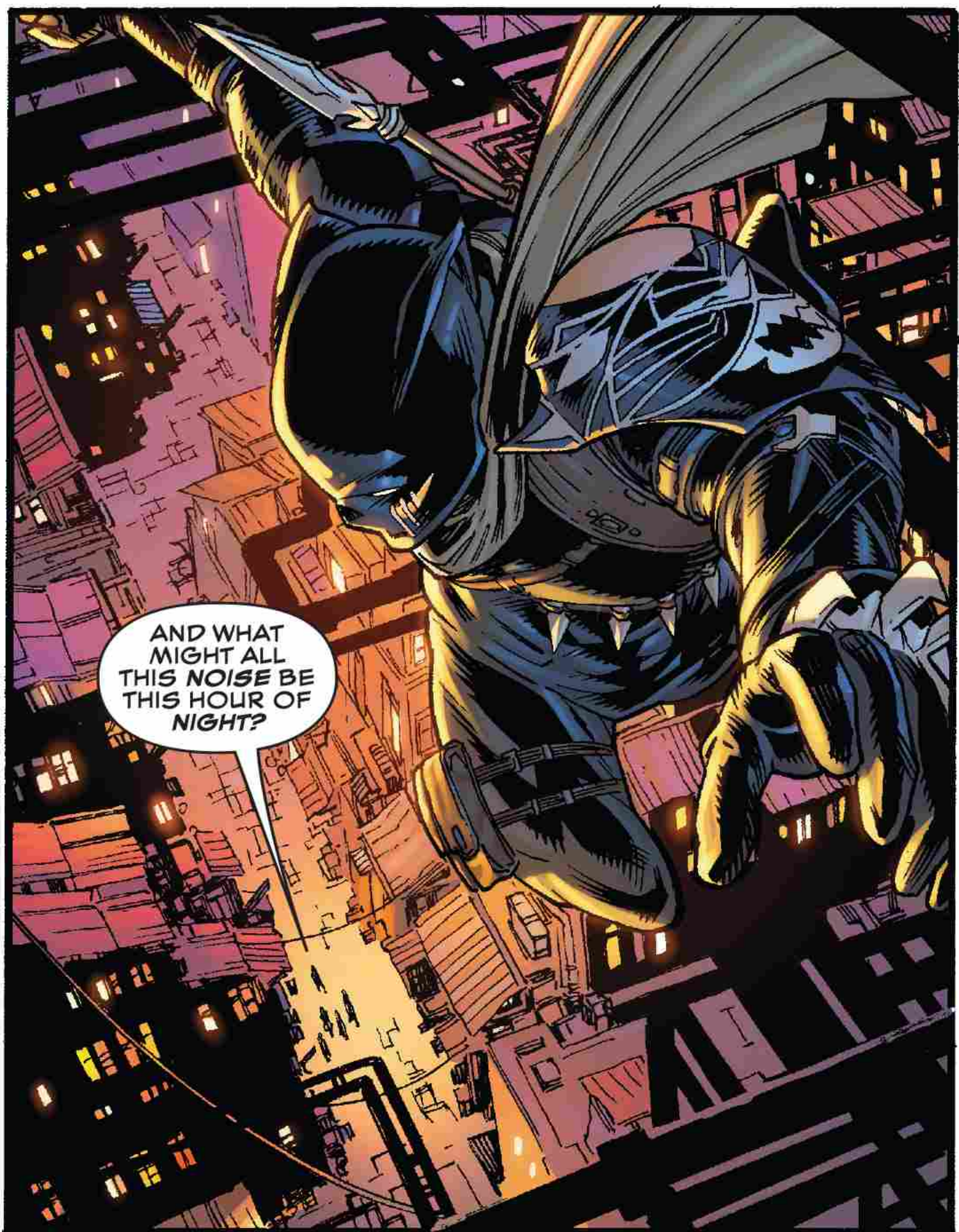




I TELL MYSELF IT MATTERS.
THAT EACH SMALL ACT IS A
STRIKE FOR COHESION. FOR
FAITH IN GODS AND COUNTRY.



FAITH IN THE
BLACK PANTHER.



AND WHAT
MIGHT ALL
THIS NOISE BE
THIS HOUR OF
NIGHT?



SOB
I HAVE
FAILED, BABU.



IT'S--IT'S NOT FAIR! I WAITED SO LONG TO UNDERTAKE THE CHASE, AND I HAD MOZI! I DID!

YOU DID. YOU DID, MY FRIEND.



NOW I WILL HAVE TO WAIT TWO YEARS FOR THE NEXT FEAST OF STARS TO EARN MY MTEPE! I FEEL LIKE A CHILD.

I KNOW. BUT THE NEXT CHASE DAY WILL BE UPON US BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.



TELL YOUR BABU... TELL HIM WHAT WE SAW. THIS CHASE WAS YOURS.

IT ISN'T POSSIBLE. IT WAS MY FEAR THAT TRIPPED ME UP, I KNOW IT.

IT WAS NOT! YOU HAD THE BAG! THE CHASE WAS YOURS! IT WAS...



IT WAS THE BLACK PANTHER! WE SAW HIM!



THE BLACK PANTHER? HERE IN BIT? THAT WOULD BE THE DAY. I WOULD CRINGE FOR HIM TO SEE THE CITY OF HIS FATHER IN SUCH A STATE.

COME, MY CHILDREN. EAT WITH ME.

THE CITY OF MY FATHER. WHICH IS WORSE--



--THAT I AM A FOREIGNER HERE?



OR THAT I AM A FOOL?



WAKANDA RECENTLY TRANSITIONED FROM A MONARCHY TO A PARLIAMENTARY DEMOCRACY. BUT POLITICAL UNREST AND DISTRUST BETWEEN THE MONARCHY AND THE NEW GOVERNMENT SOON PUSHED THE NATION TO THE EDGE OF CIVIL WAR. IN THE END, TO BRING ABOUT PEACE, THE PRIME MINISTER EXILED T'CHALLA.

BUT EVEN IF HE IS NO LONGER KING, T'CHALLA WILL ALWAYS BE THE BLACK PANTHER.
AND THE BLACK PANTHER WILL ALWAYS SERVE WAKANDA.

BLACK PANTHER

REIGN AT DUSK PART 1

EVE L. EWING
WRITER

CHRIS ALLEN
PENCILER

CHRIS ALLEN AND
CRAIG YEUNG
INKERS

JESUS ABURTOV
COLOR ARTIST

VC's **JOE SABINO**
LETTERER

TAURIN CLARKE
COVER ARTIST

CHRIS ALLEN & GURU-eFX:
ELENA CASAGRANDE &
JORDIE BELLAIRE:
MR GARCIN:
SANFORD GREENE:
MATEUS MANHANINI:
RAHZZAH, STEVE RUDE &
CHRIS O'HALLORAN:
SKOTTIE YOUNG
VARIANT COVER ARTISTS

SARAH SPADACCINI
PRODUCTION DESIGN

MICHELLE MARCHESE
ASSISTANT EDITOR

WIL MOSS
EDITOR

C.B. CEBULSKI
EDITOR IN CHIEF

BLACK PANTHER CREATED BY **STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY**



IN THE FIRST DAYS AFTER I WAS CAST AWAY, I TRAVERSED AS FAR FROM HOME AS I COULD WHILE REMAINING ON THIS PLANET.

I BORE WITH ME THE SORROWS OF A MAN UTTERLY LOST.

I FOUND COMFORT IN REASONING THAT THE BENEFIT OF DISTANCE MIGHT AFFORD ME SOME NEW INSIGHT. SOME WISDOM.

I EVEN RECONCILED WITH THE AVENGERS. THEY NEEDED ME MORE THAN THEY NEEDED THE MORAL HIGH GROUND.

AND, THOUGH I WOULDN'T SAY IT, THEIR FRIENDSHIP--ONE TRACE OF FAMILIARITY IN MY NOW-ALIEN LIFE--WAS A BALM.

I COULD SHOVE AWAY THE DESPAIR OF MY EXILE.

BUT I WAS HAUNTED BY ONE QUESTION, GNAWING AT THE EDGES OF MY HEART DAY AND NIGHT.

IF I NO LONGER HELD THE KINGSHIP OF MY BIRTHRIGHT, WHO WAS I?

WHAT WAS WAKANDA WITHOUT THE SYMBOL OF ITS BODY POLITIC? I BELIEVED IN A WAKANDA FOR THE PEOPLE, BUT WHAT WAS IT TO BE, THIS NATION REBORN?

MY MIND ACHED, TURNING IT OVER. EVENTUALLY, I DWELLED AT THE BORDER OF WAKANDA, MULLING OVER THE FATES OF THOSE WHO WANTED TO ENTER.

WHAT WAS THIS COUNTRY, LAND OF THEIR DREAMS?

"L'ETAT, C'EST MOI."

THE NATION WAS THE KING, AND THE KING WAS THE PANTHER. AND EVENTUALLY, ALL THREE WERE EMBODIED IN THIS BODY.

NOW WHAT DOES THAT MAKE ME?

A FRAGMENT?

A GHOST?



I KNEW I HAD TO
COME HOME.



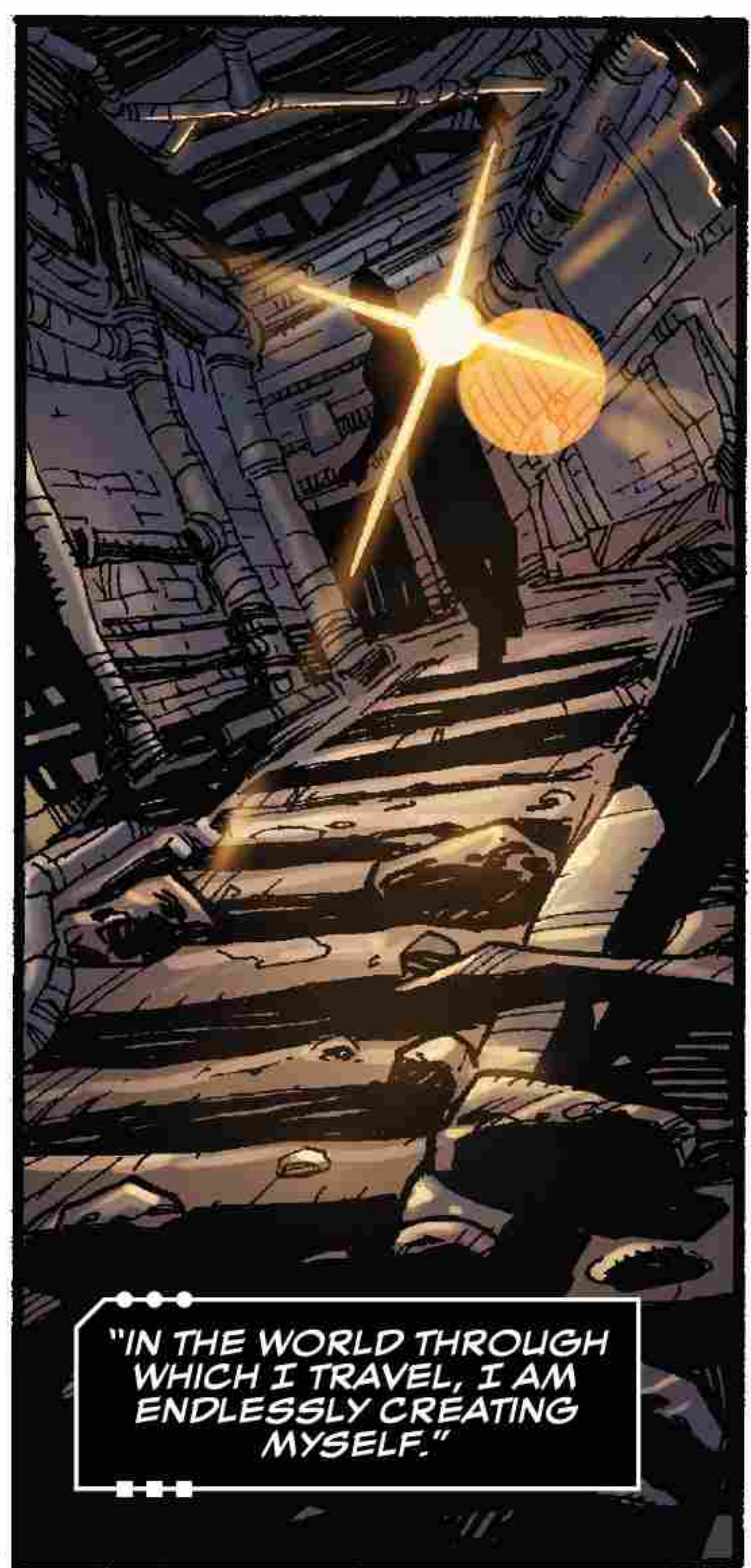
BUT I WAS NOT
THE MAN I HAD
BEEN.



I WOULD HAVE TO LEARN
WHO I WAS, AND LEARN
WHAT THIS COUNTRY WAS.



MY TITLES HAD MADE
ME A STRANGER IN THE
VERY LANDS IN WHICH I
HAD BEEN ADORNED
WITH A CROWN.



"IN THE WORLD THROUGH
WHICH I TRAVEL, I AM
ENDLESSLY CREATING
MYSELF."



WHAT DID I TRULY
KNOW OF THE NATION
THAT WAS ONCE
MY BODY?

NOTHING. I
KNEW NOTHING.



BIRNIN
T'CHAKA.

SEATED AT THE EDGE OF
THE JABARI-LANDS. THE
MOUNTAIN WIND SCRAPES
THE STREETS. THE PEOPLE
HERE CALL IT "THE VULTURE,"
AS IN "AH, DRESS WARMLY
MY FRIEND. THE VULTURE
FLIES IN THE MORNING."

I HAVE NEVER
FELT SO COLD.

I HAVE NEVER FELT SO
FAR FROM THE GOLDEN
CITY. EVEN WHEN I WAS
AT THE VERY EDGE OF
THE COSMOS.



SOME WORK IN THE LINGERING REMAINS OF THE MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY THAT ONCE MADE THE CITY PROSPEROUS.

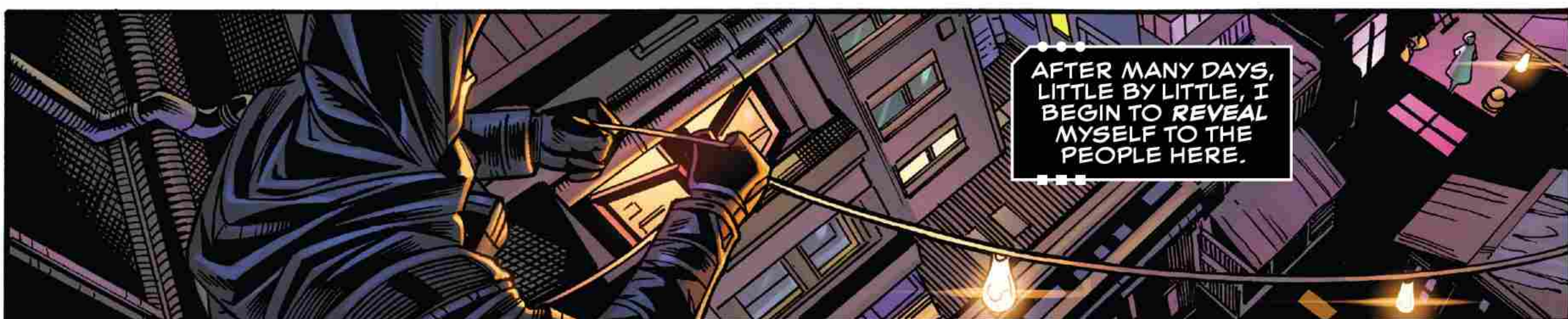
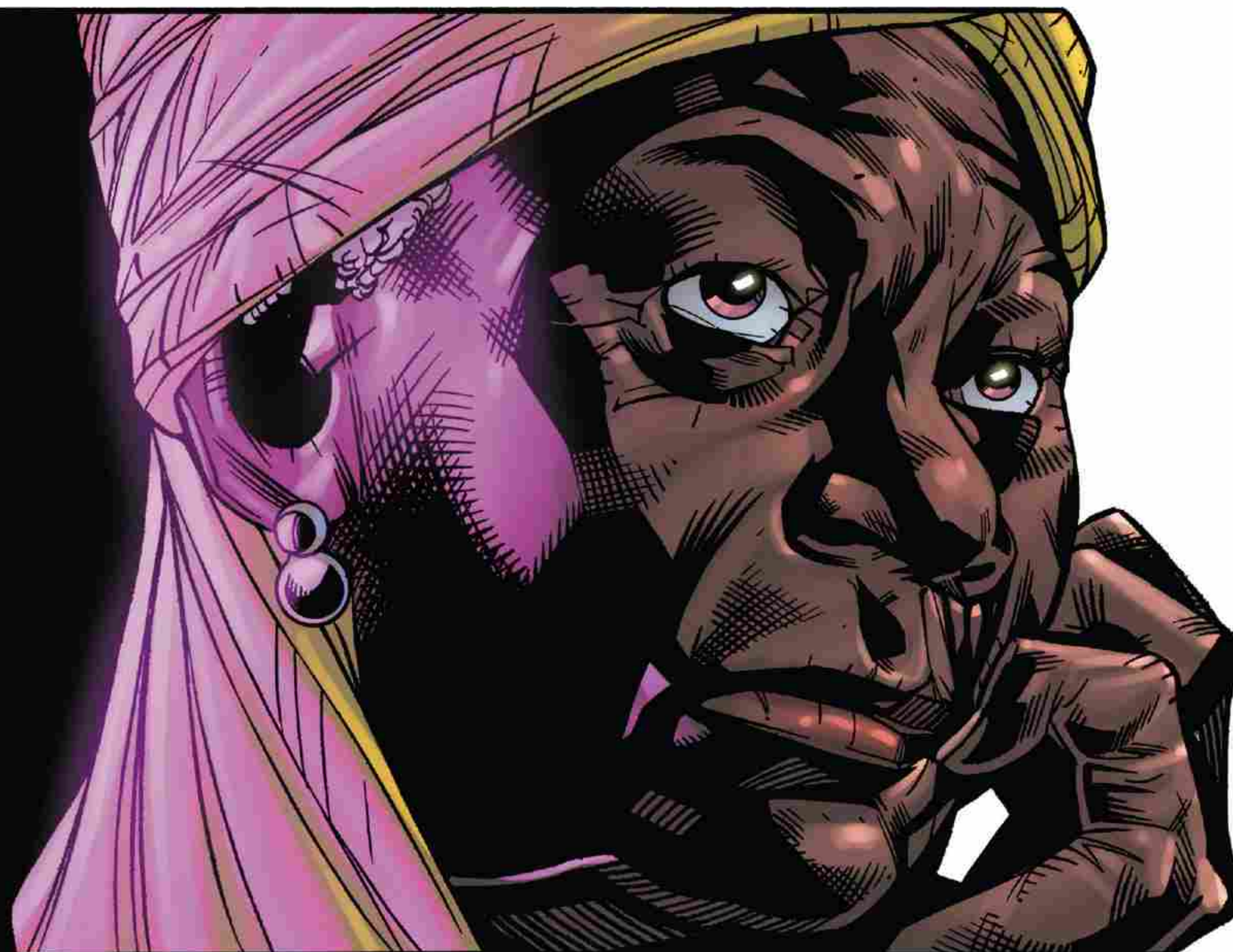
MANY ARE NOT SO LUCKY, ESPECIALLY AMID THE TURMOIL OF THE LAST FEW YEARS.

WAKANDA PROVIDES FOR ITS PEOPLE. THERE IS NOTHING OF THE STRUGGLE I SAW IN MY DAYS IN NEW YORK, FOR INSTANCE.

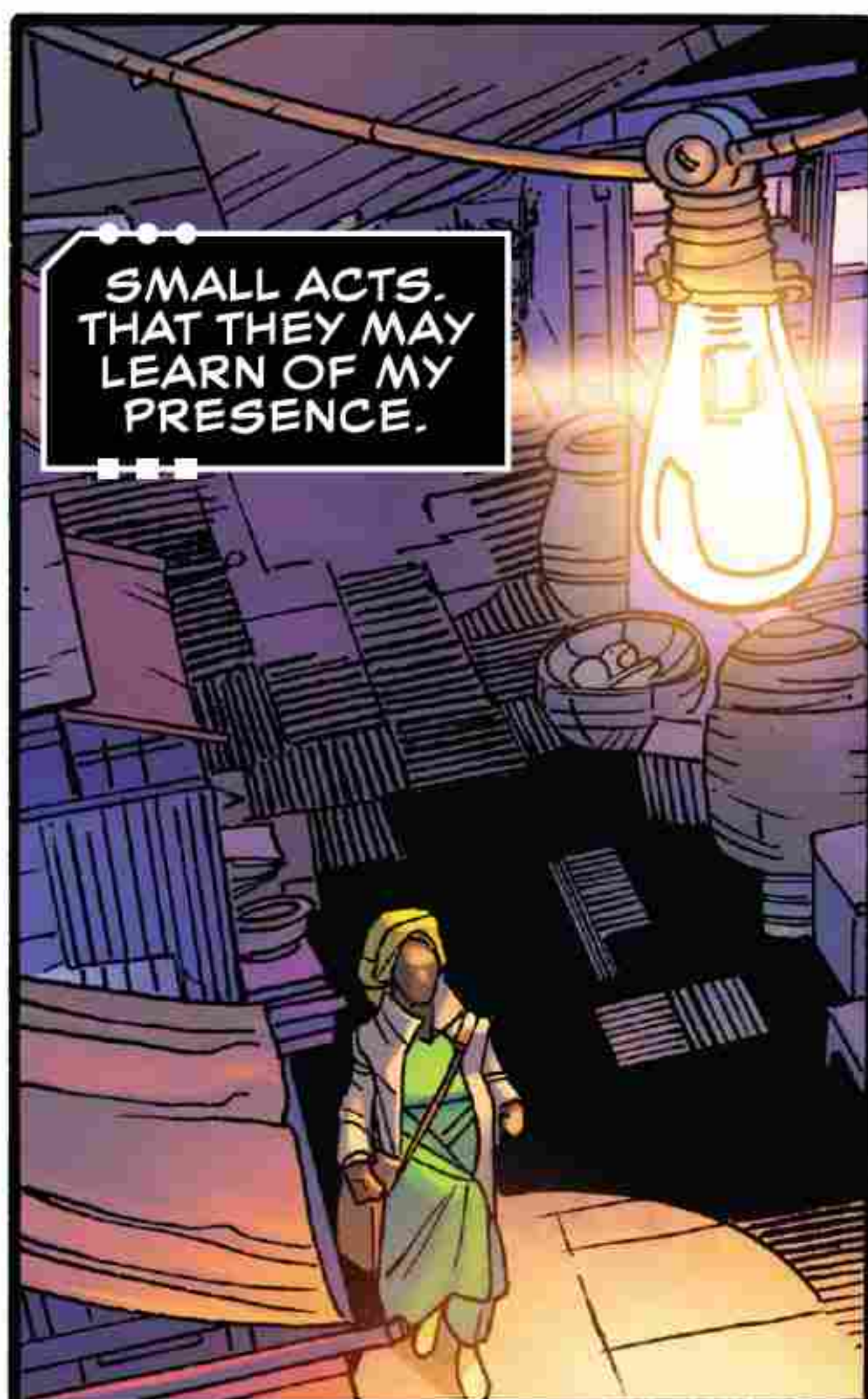
ALL ARE HOUSED. FED. CLOTHED.

BUT MY FATHER USED TO SAY THAT IT IS MANY DAYS' WALK BETWEEN NECESSITIES AND ABUNDANCE. BIRNIN ZANA IS A LAND OF ABUNDANCE. BIRNIN T'CHAKA IS A LAND OF NECESSITIES.

AND MIGHT NOT THE HEART CRAVE MORE THAN WHAT IT NEEDS?



AFTER MANY DAYS, LITTLE BY LITTLE, I BEGIN TO REVEAL MYSELF TO THE PEOPLE HERE.



SMALL ACTS. THAT THEY MAY LEARN OF MY PRESENCE.



MORE SO, THAT I MAY LEARN OF THEM. SOMETIMES THESE EFFORTS FAIL.



BUT SOMETIMES THEY SUCCEED.



RECENTLY, I HAVE HAD MY EYES ON SOMEONE IN PARTICULAR.



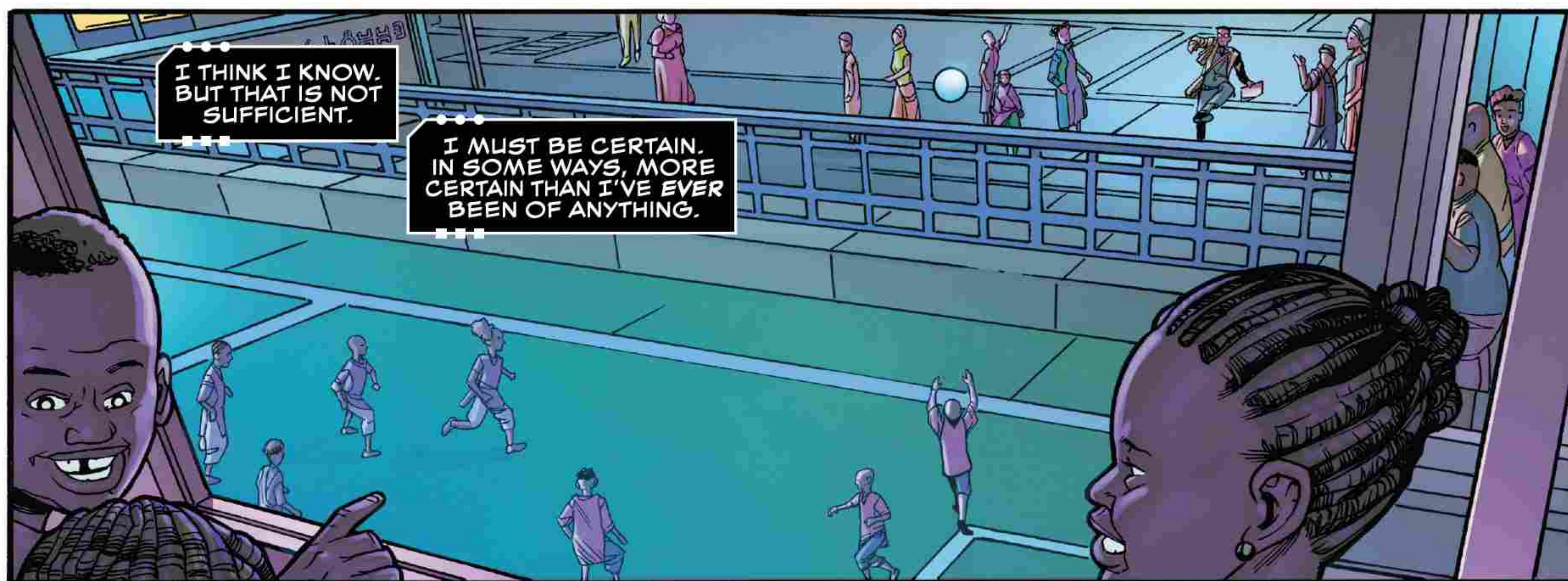
N'YOBI UMARU.



UNDERGRADUATE DEGREE: HEKIMA SHULE. LAW DEGREE IN BIRNIN AZZARIA. RUNS A SMALL AND NOT-VERY-LUCRATIVE PRACTICE.

I HAVE BEEN TAILING HIM FOR DAYS.

WHAT KIND OF MAN ARE YOU, N'YOBI?



I THINK I KNOW, BUT THAT IS NOT SUFFICIENT.

I MUST BE CERTAIN. IN SOME WAYS, MORE CERTAIN THAN I'VE EVER BEEN OF ANYTHING.



THROUGH HIM, I AM LEARNING THE CONTOURS OF THIS CITY.

NO, N'YOBI. ABSOLUTELY NOT. NOT AFTER YOU ASSISTED MY MOTHER WITH HER PAPERS. TIMES ARE LEAN, BUT SHE WOULD BE ASHAMED IF I TOOK YOUR MONEY.

I THANK YOU, BROTHER. HAVE YOU CONSIDERED WHAT I SAID ABOUT THE PERMIT?

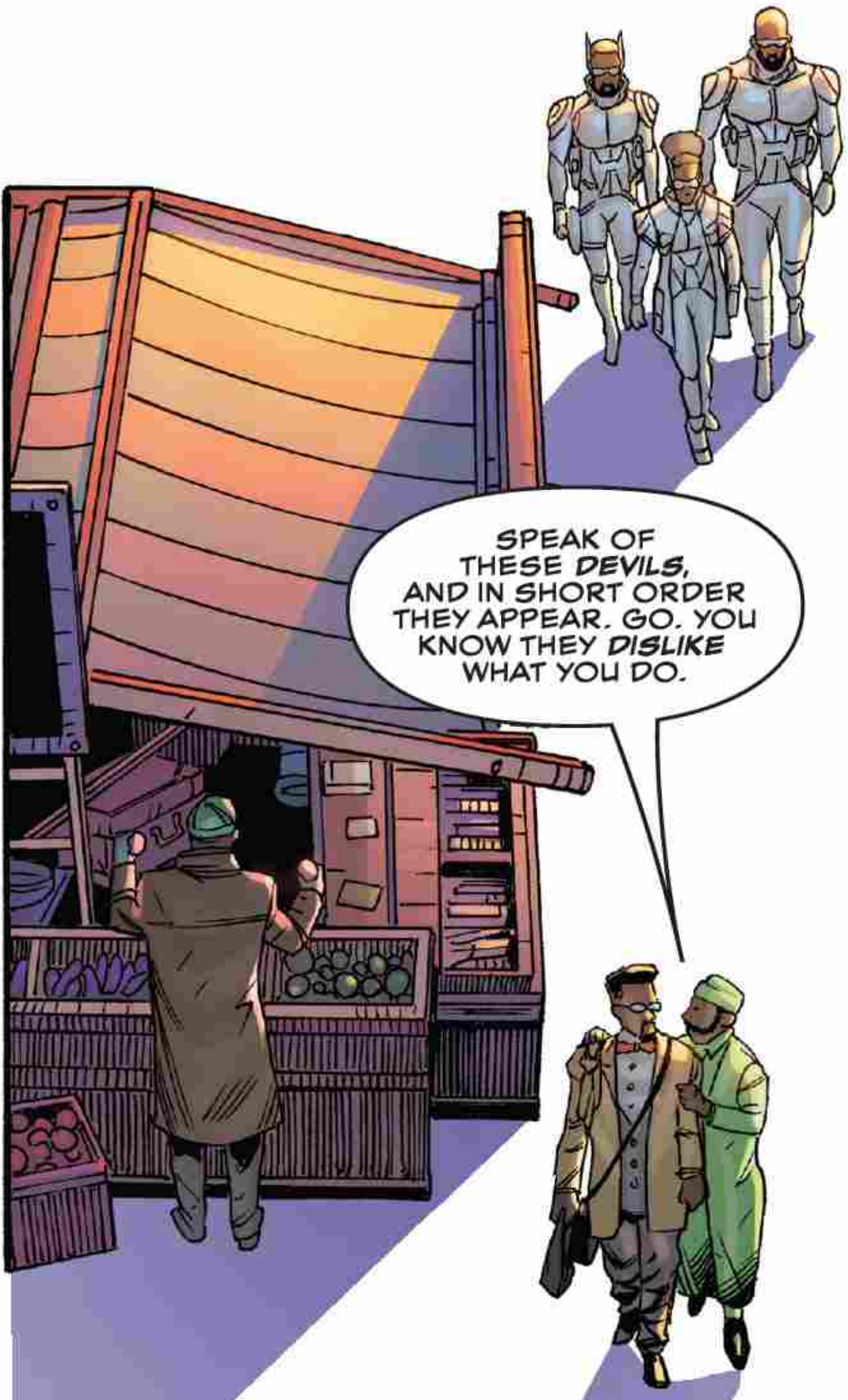
WHY SPEND MONEY ON THE FEES? KURI AND HIS BAND OF DOGS WILL BE AFTER ME WITH THEIR HANDS IN MY POCKETS REGARDLESS.

WHO IS THIS? PETTY THIEVES AND RACKETEERS?



WE'VE DISCUSSED THIS. WHEN YOU PAY, YOU LEGITIMIZE THEIR SCHEMES, RATHER THAN--

N'YOBI, YOU ARE AS NAIVE AS YOU ARE BRILLIANT. HOW WILL I LOOK, A FRUIT VENDOR WHO CANNOT EAT HIS OWN WARES BECAUSE THEY HAVE KNOCKED OUT MY TEETH?



SPEAK OF THESE DEVILS, AND IN SHORT ORDER THEY APPEAR. GO. YOU KNOW THEY DISLIKE WHAT YOU DO.

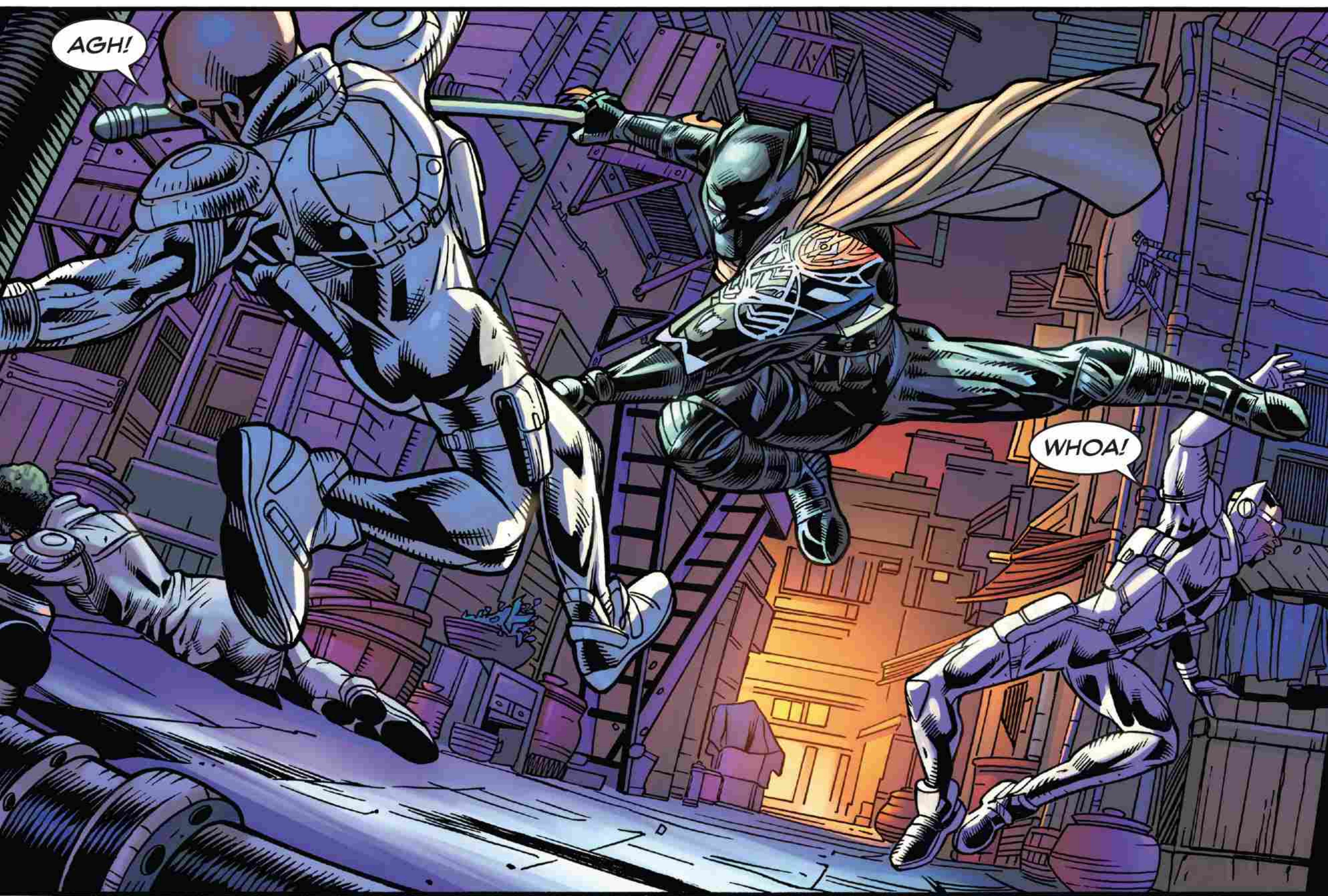


I--I THOUGHT I HAD TWO MORE DAYS TO PAY!

NO GOOD MORNING FOR US? YES, YOU HAVE TWO DAYS. BUT WE ARE HUNGRY NOW...

THE REMNANTS OF THE HATUT ZERAZE. DISGRACEFUL.





MEANWHILE...

THANK YOU, TESAI. I ONLY NEED ENOUGH FOR A DAY OR TWO. I CAN MEET YOU AT MY APARTMENT, AND WE CAN WALK OVER TO THE BARBERSHOP.



WAIT, ACTUALLY...



"...I'LL MEET YOU AT THE SHOP."

N'YOBI, I AM HAPPY TO LEND YOU MONEY. BUT YOU WOULD NOT HAVE THIS PROBLEM IF YOU HAD NOT GIVEN IT ALL AWAY TO YOUR NEIGHBOR--

MR. SINGH NEEDED IT.



OR IF YOU STOPPED DOING SO MUCH WORK FOR FREE.

THANK YOU, TESAI. I MEAN IT.



YOU'RE WELCOME. NOW, I NEED YOU TO JOIN ME IN COURT NEXT WEEK. I'M ACCUSED OF ASSAULTING AN OFFICER.

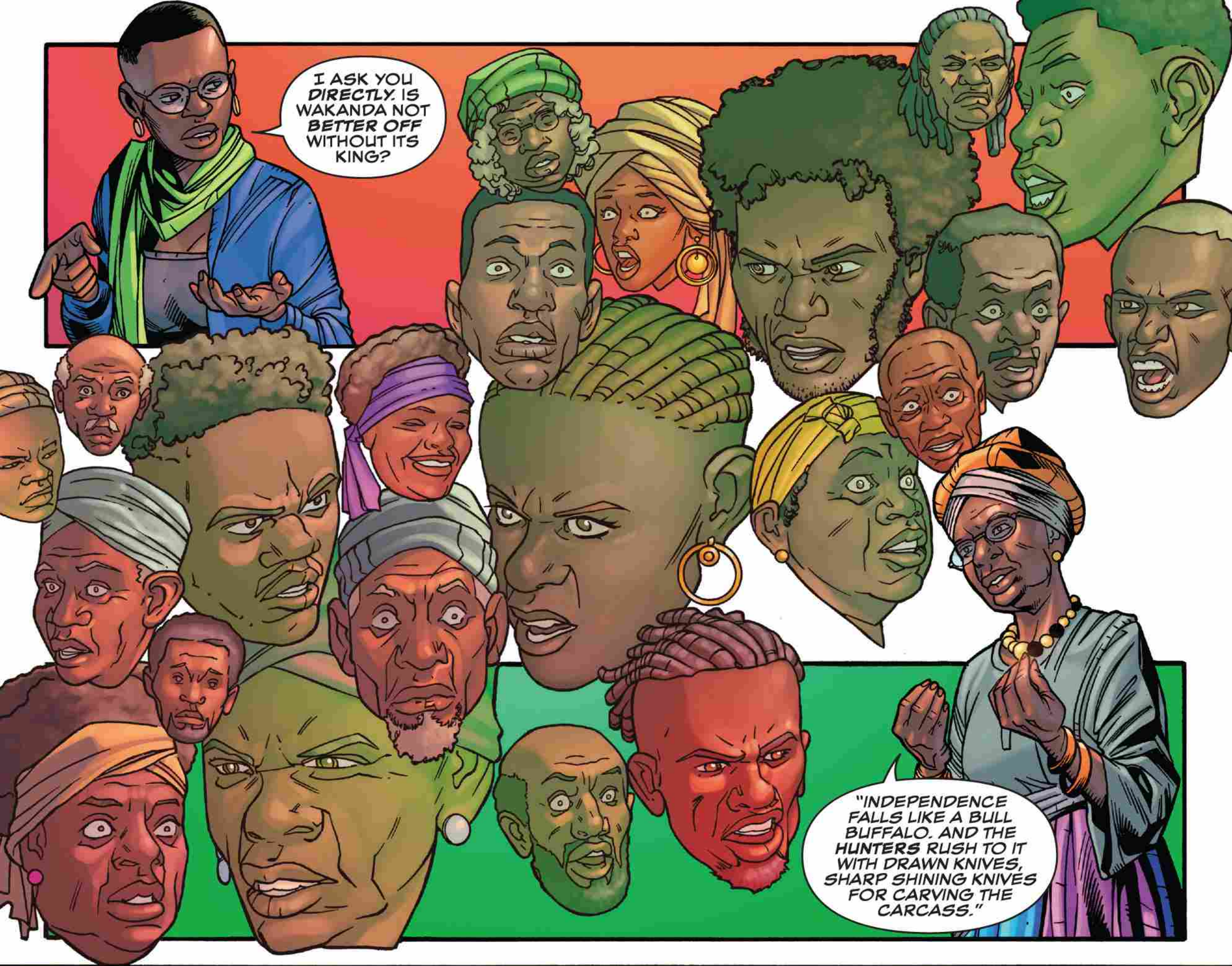
I ONLY HELD MY GROUND WITH THE GARMENT WORKERS' UNION. I TOUCHED NO ONE! THEY ARE PUNISHING US FOR ORGANIZING. ALSO, I CAN'T PAY YOU THIS TIME.

WHAT?!

YOU TOLD ME TO STOP WORKING FOR FREE!

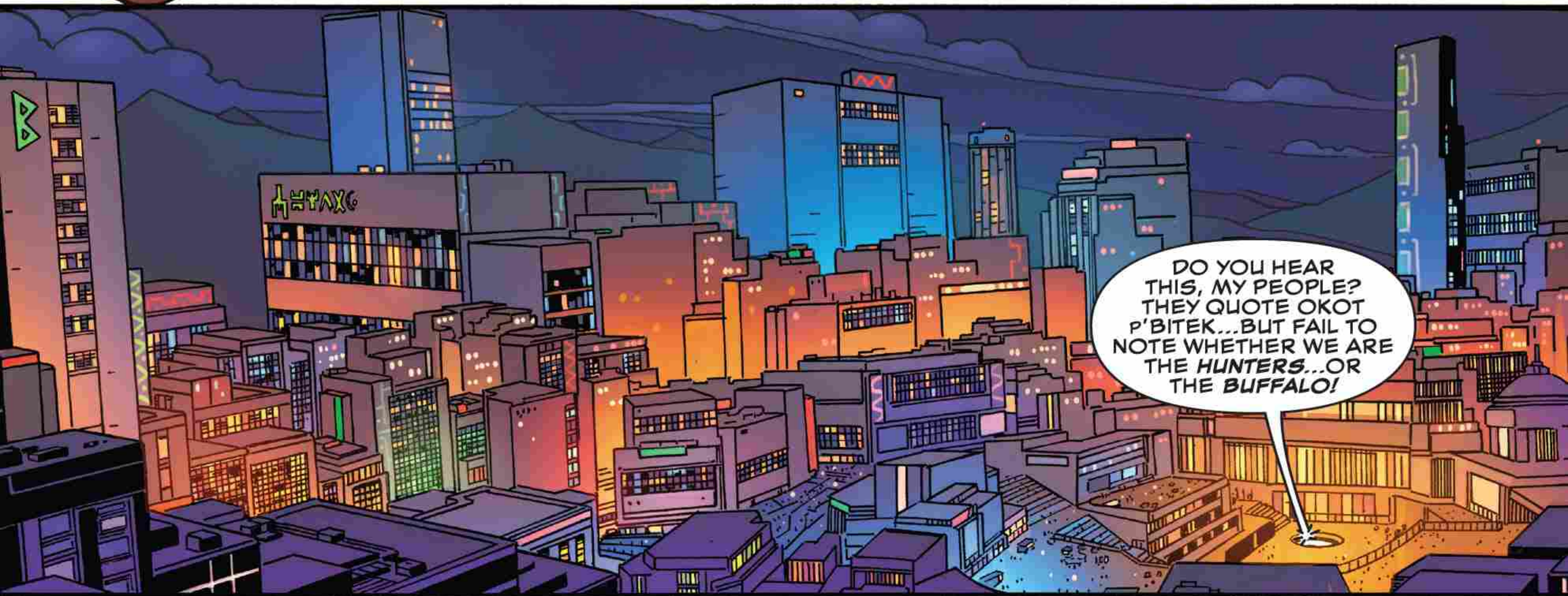
YES. AFTER NEXT WEEK!



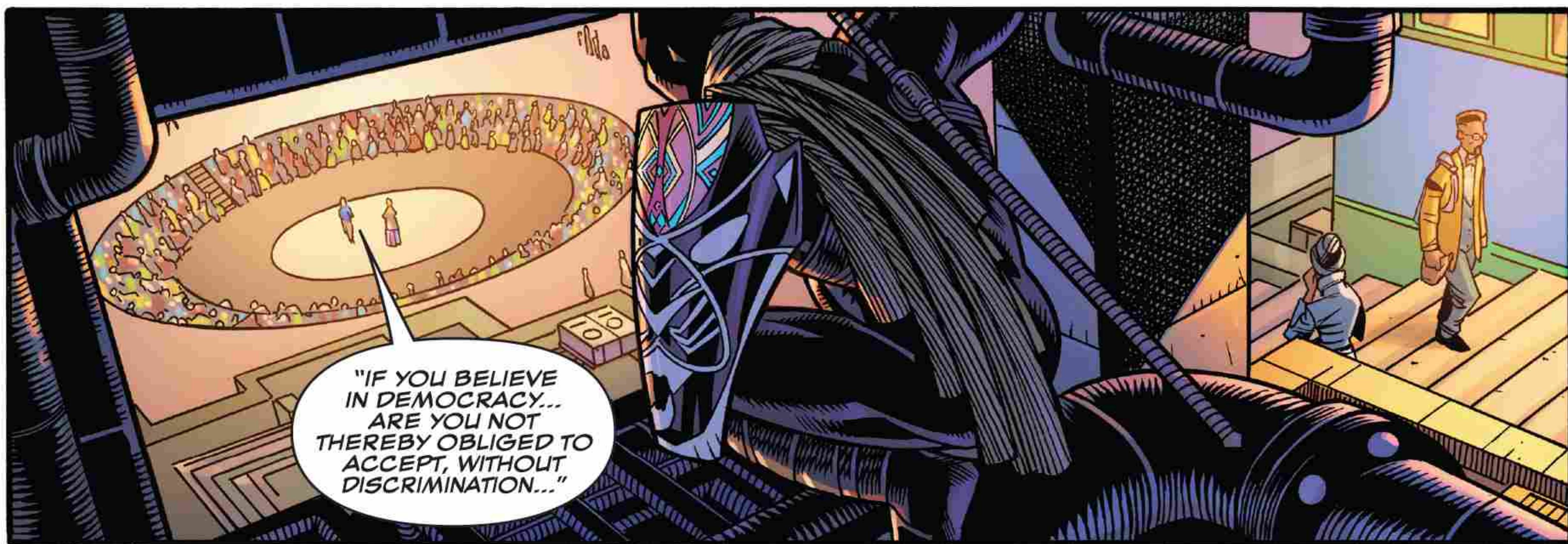


I ASK YOU DIRECTLY. IS WAKANDA NOT BETTER OFF WITHOUT ITS KING?

"INDEPENDENCE FALLS LIKE A BULL BUFFALO. AND THE HUNTERS RUSH TO IT WITH DRAWN KNIVES, SHARP SHINING KNIVES FOR CARVING THE CARCASS."



DO YOU HEAR THIS, MY PEOPLE? THEY QUOTE OKOT P'BITEK...BUT FAIL TO NOTE WHETHER WE ARE THE HUNTERS...OR THE BUFFALO!



"IF YOU BELIEVE IN DEMOCRACY... ARE YOU NOT THEREBY OBLIGED TO ACCEPT, WITHOUT DISCRIMINATION..."

"...THE FALLOUTS
THAT COME WITH
A DEMOCRATIC
CHOICE?"

I WATCH THEM,
IN PART, AS A
RESEARCH INQUIRY.

WHAT IS HARDER TO
ADMIT IS THAT I AM
ALSO LISTENING IN
THE HOPE THAT ONE
OF THEM MIGHT HAVE
AN ANSWER TO
THESE QUESTIONS.

THE TRANSITIONAL
GOVERNMENT NEEDS
TIME TO TRANSITION.

BUT IN THE MEANTIME,
THE EFFICACIES TO
WHICH PEOPLE ARE
ACCUSTOMED ARE
ERODING.

MY DEAR
FRIEND, YOU HAVE
THE SMALLEST
STAIN ON YOUR
COLLAR.

I KNOW,
DON'T LOOK!
I FILED
A REQUISITION
ONE WEEK
AGO.

TSK. EVERYTHING
TAKES LONGER THESE
DAYS. YOU KNOW, FOR
A SMALL PRICE, MY
COUSIN--

YOUR COUSIN
THE THUG? IF HE
LAUNDERS MY UNIFORM
AND MY PAYMENT IS
LATE, HE MAY CUT
MY FINGERS OFF!

THOSE ARE
JUST RIDICULOUS
RUMORS!

TRUST IS ERODING.
AND THAT LEAVES
AN UNSETTLING
VACUUM.

I WOULD EVEN FEEL
BETTER IF THE DORA
MILAJE WERE STILL
NEARBY IN THE
JABARI-LANDS.

THOUGH I AM
SURE THAT WHAT I
AM SEEING HERE
IS NOT UNIQUE TO
BIRNIN T'CHAKA.



BUT LET ME NOT
LOSE MY PREY
IN THIS REVERIE.

ONLY GOING
TO FAIZA'S, N'YOBI?
NO FARE. IT IS ON MY
WAY, AND I STILL
OWE YOU.

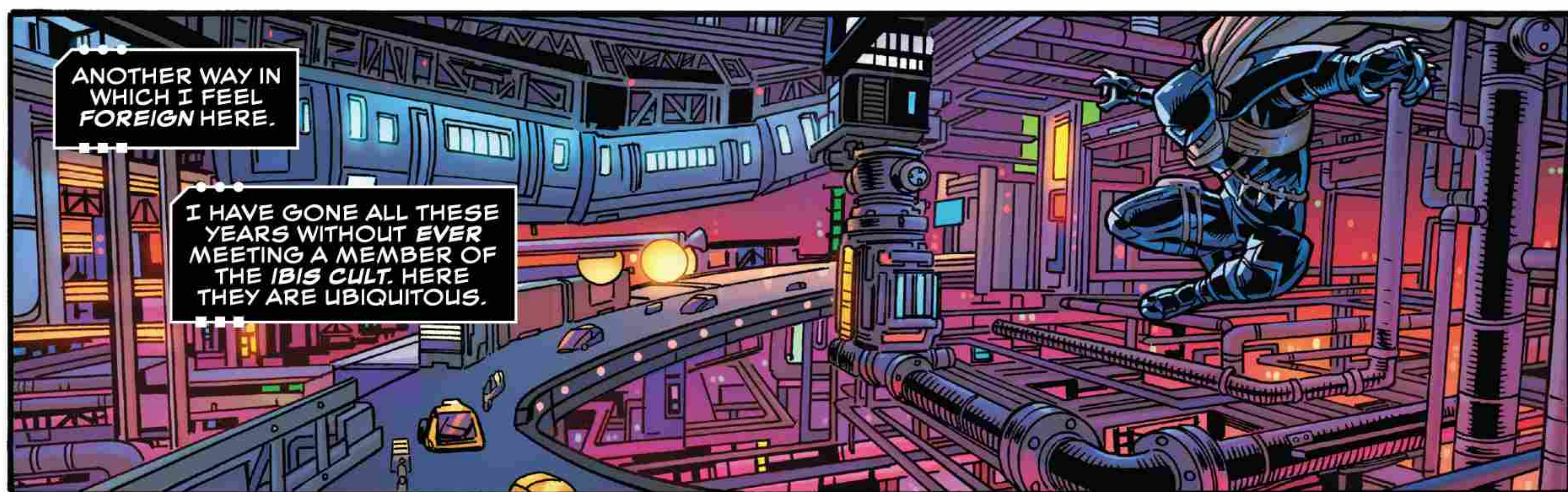


ONE CANNOT
"OWE" AMONG
FRIENDS. BUT I
THANK YOU.



BUT! IT IS
NEARING THE HOUR
OF THE IBIS. I WILL
HAVE TO STOP
SHORTLY.

THAT IS
NOT A PROBLEM.
I AM IN NO
HURRY.



ANOTHER WAY IN
WHICH I FEEL
FOREIGN HERE.

I HAVE GONE ALL THESE
YEARS WITHOUT EVER
MEETING A MEMBER OF
THE IBIS CULT. HERE
THEY ARE UBQUITOUS.



I FEEL SO
PAROCHIAL ON
MY OWN SOIL.



SEE YOU LATER, N'YOBI.



WELL! HELLO, NEPHEW! I HAVEN'T HEARD HIDE NOR HAIR OF YOU IN A WEEK. YOU MUST NOW BE OUT OF MONEY.

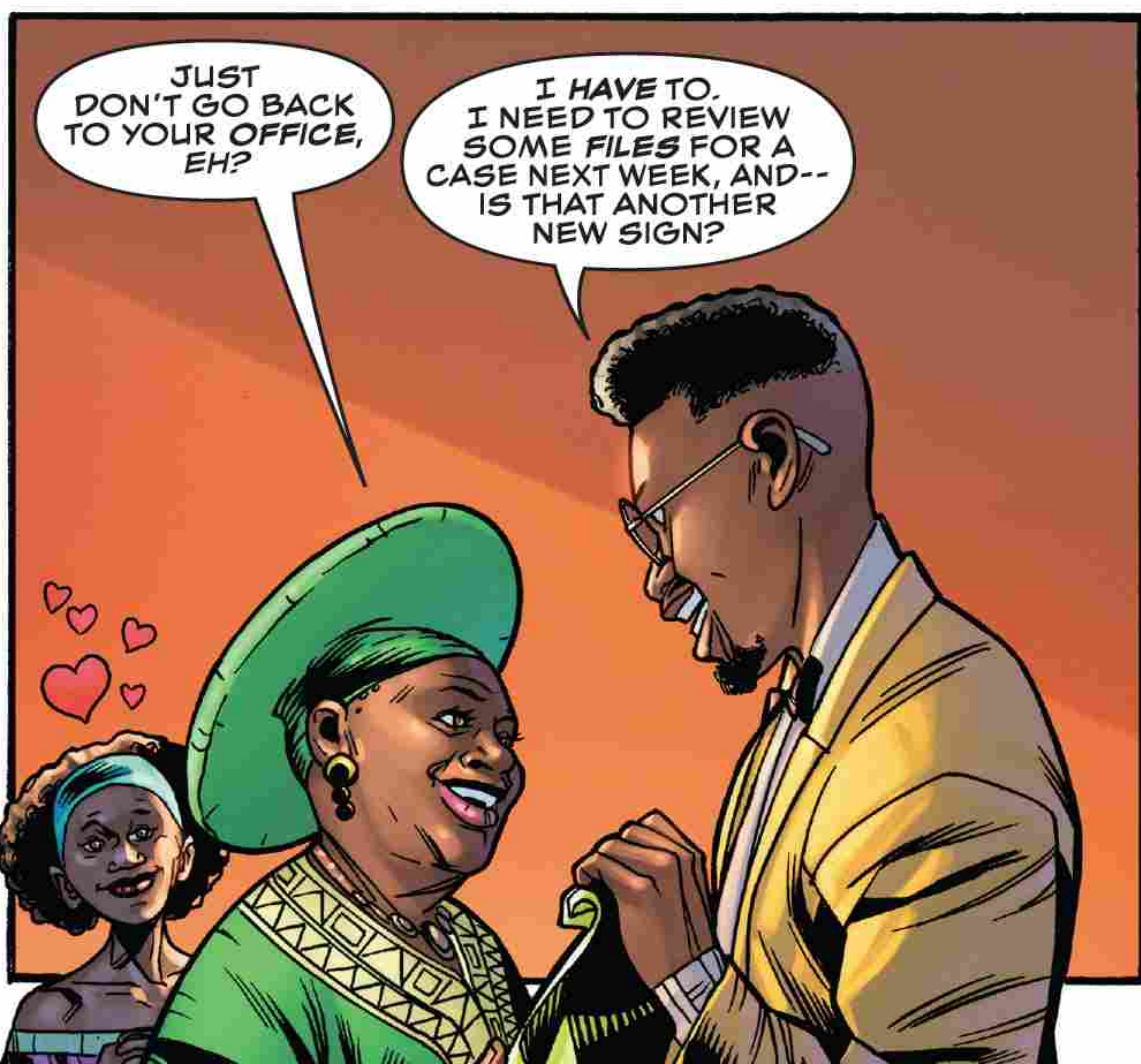
I DIDN'T KNOW FAIZA WAS YOUR AUNTIE.



AH, I CHOSE THIS BOY AS FAMILY THE FIRST DAY HE ARRIVED IN KLIMA'S END! SO SKINNY HE WAS, WHAT CHOICE DID I HAVE BUT TO FEED HIM?

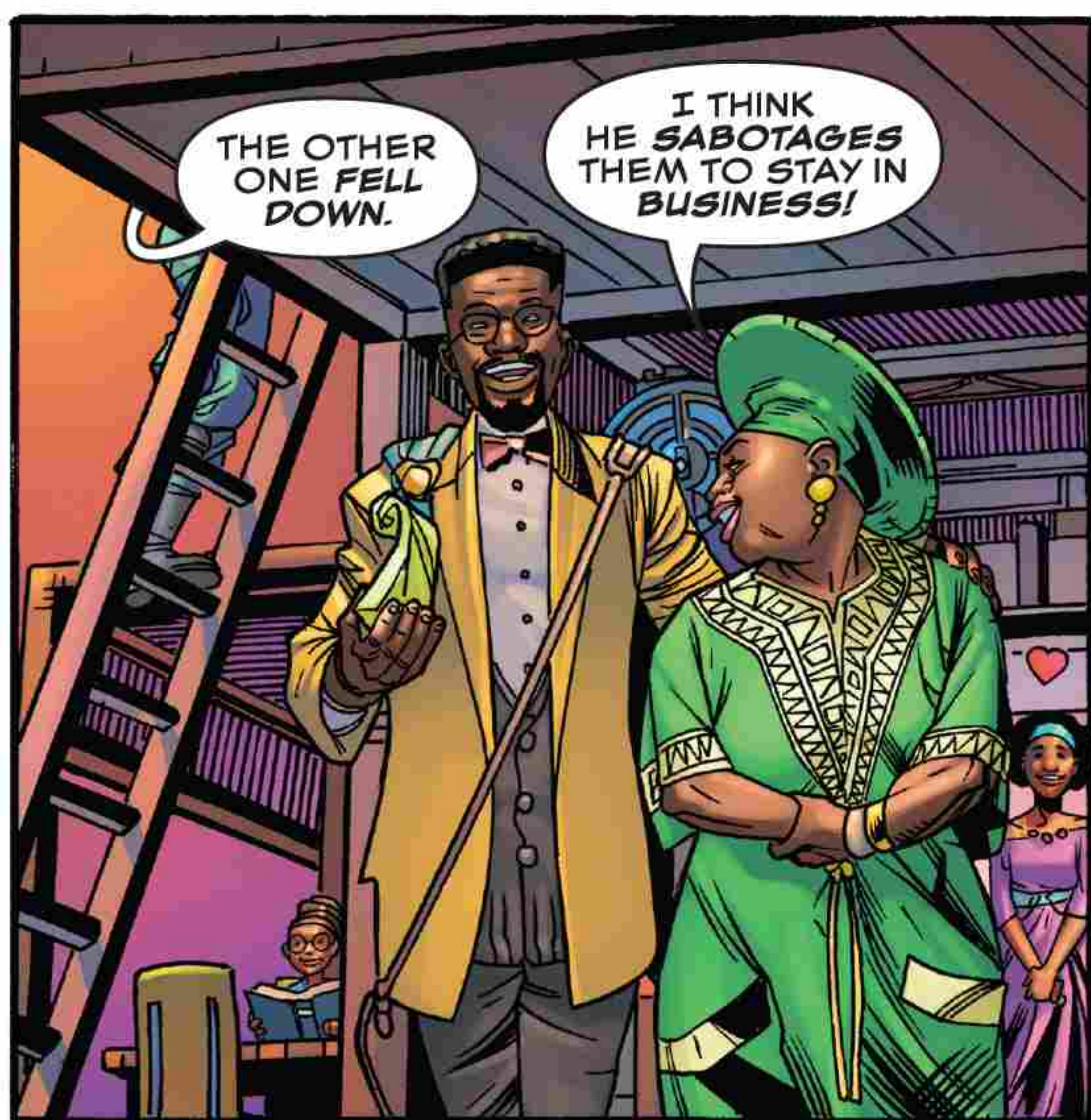


YOU ARE LUCKY, N'YOBI. THE DEBT COLLECTORS ALREADY CAME BY LOOKING FOR YOU TODAY. THEY HAVE PROBABLY MOVED ON.



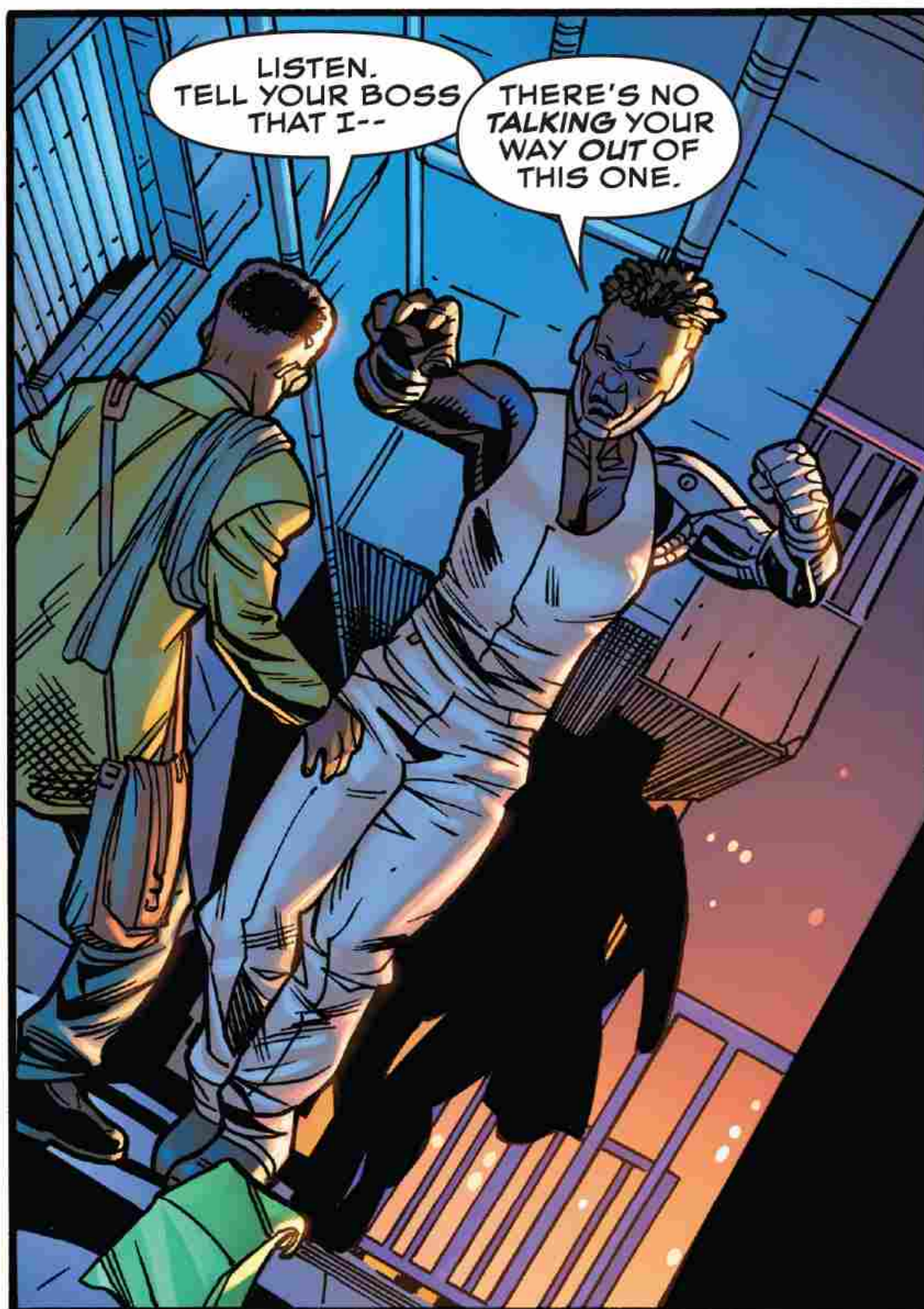
JUST DON'T GO BACK TO YOUR OFFICE, EH?

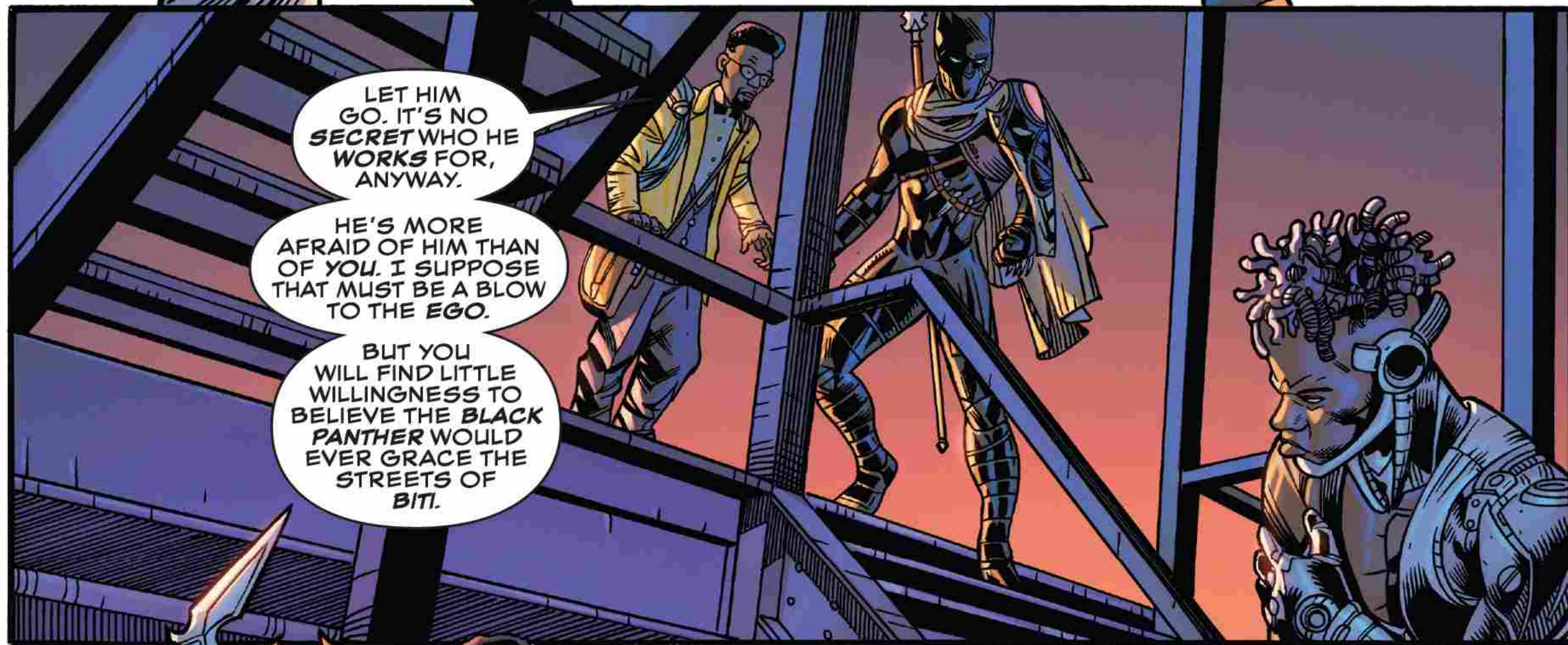
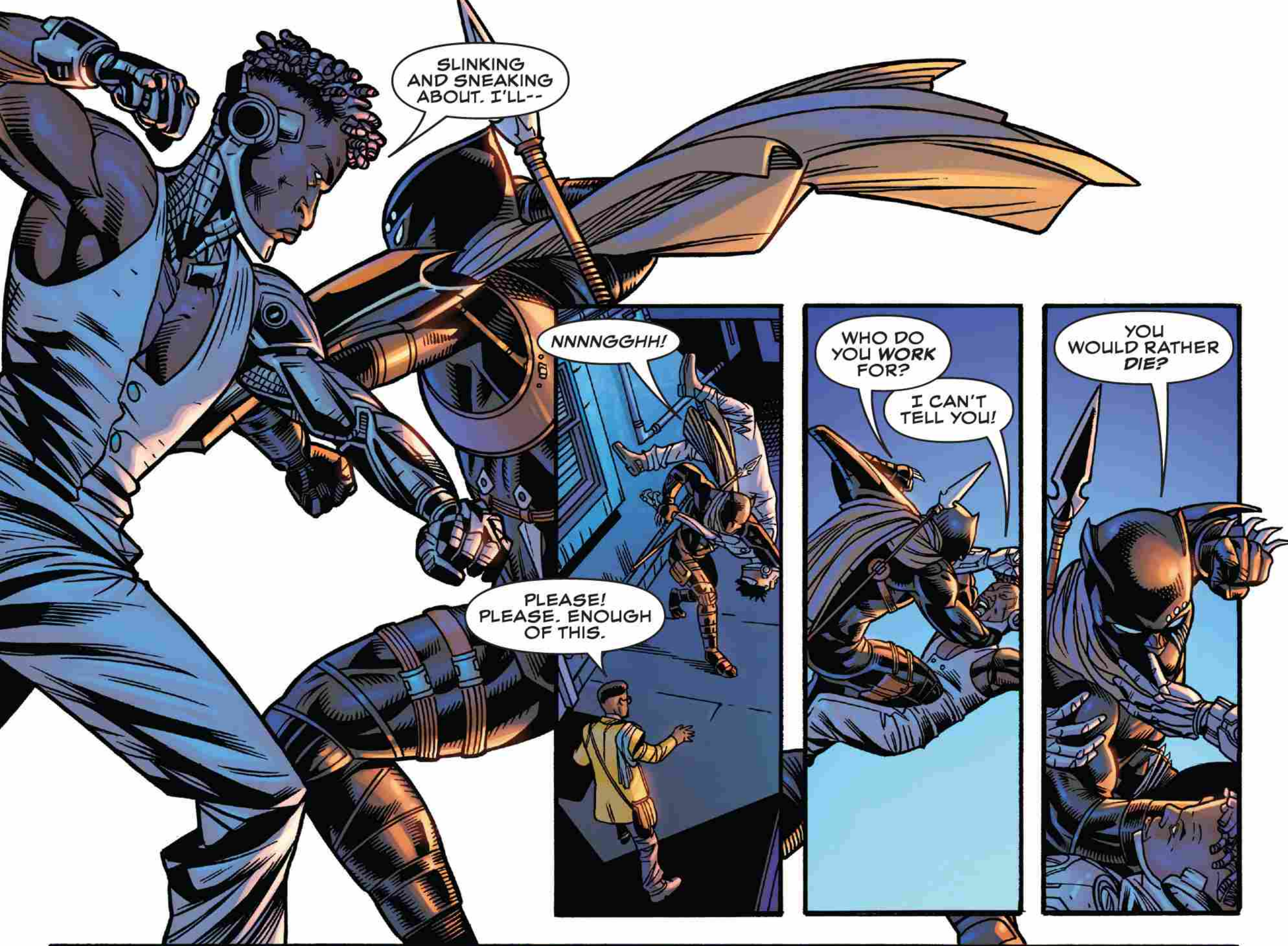
I HAVE TO. I NEED TO REVIEW SOME FILES FOR A CASE NEXT WEEK, AND-- IS THAT ANOTHER NEW SIGN?



THE OTHER ONE FELL DOWN.

I THINK HE SABOTAGES THEM TO STAY IN BUSINESS!







THE
COSTUME IS
IMPRESSIVE.

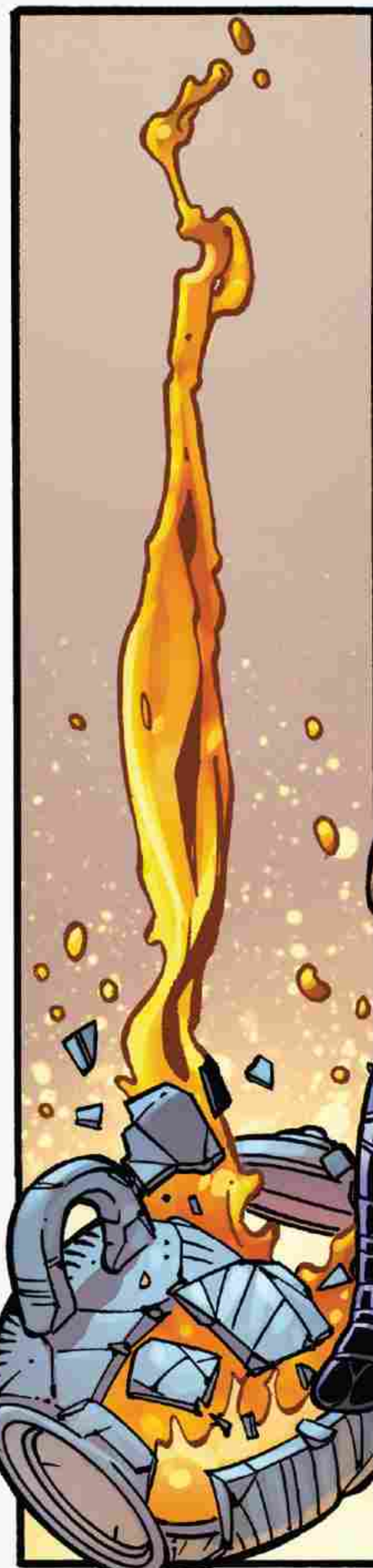
STILL,
AREN'T YOU
WORRIED YOU'LL
PROVOKE THE IRE
OF THE ROYAL
FAMILY?



I DON'T DO
TRADEMARK CASES,
BUT I'M SURE THEY
ARE NOT HAPPY TO SEE
SOME YOUNG MAN
MASQUERADING
AS THE BLACK
PANTHER.



PERHAPS IF
YOU SAY YOU ARE
NOT EARNING ANY
MONEY BY IT, THEY
COULD FORGIVE
A RANDOM--

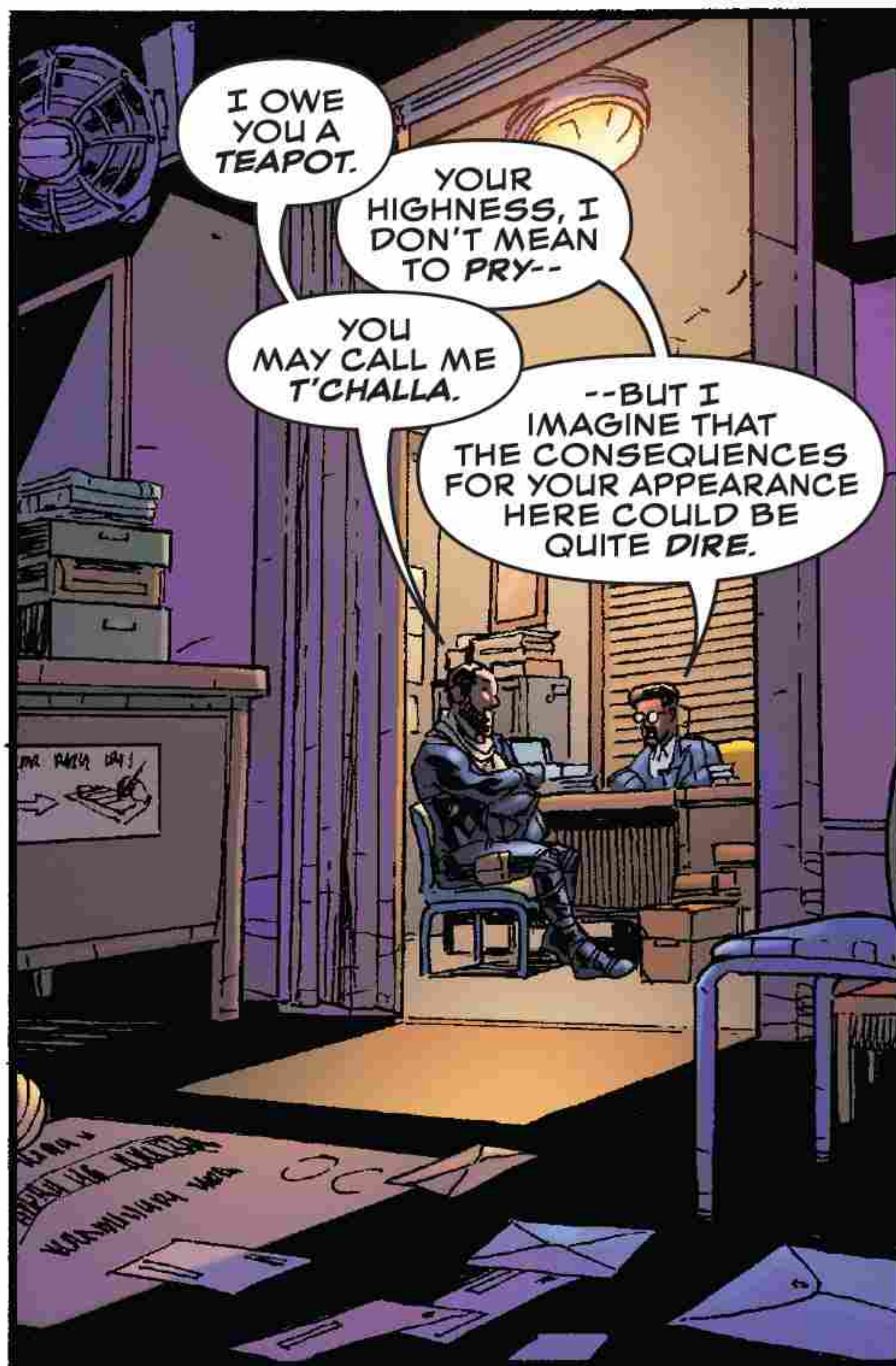


FORGIVE
ME, YOUR
HIGHNESS.



ER, WAIT.
ARE YOU
STILL....?

IN EXILE?
YES. PLEASE
STAND.



I OWE
YOU A
TEAPOT.

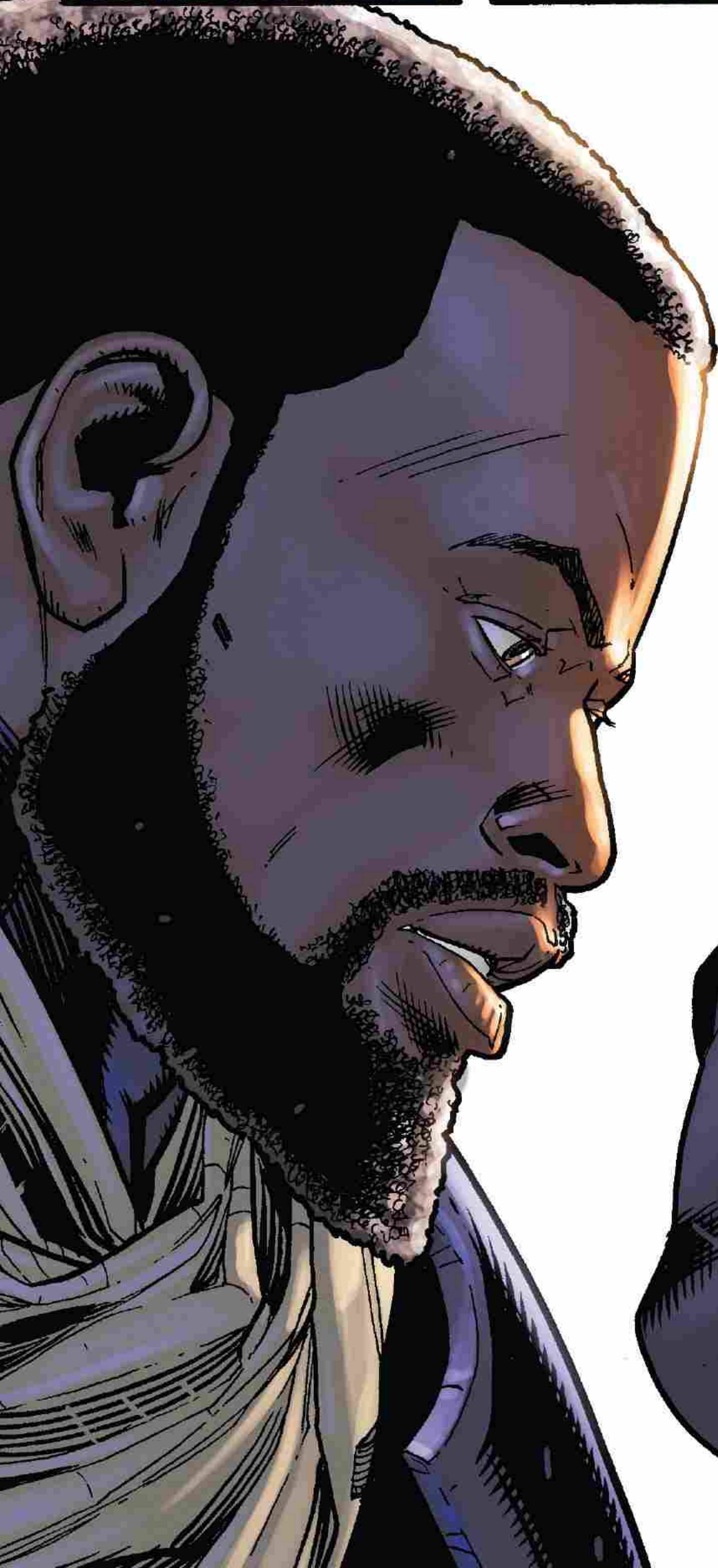
YOUR
HIGHNESS, I
DON'T MEAN
TO PRY--

YOU
MAY CALL ME
T'CHALLA.

--BUT I
IMAGINE THAT
THE CONSEQUENCES
FOR YOUR APPEARANCE
HERE COULD BE
QUITE DIRE.



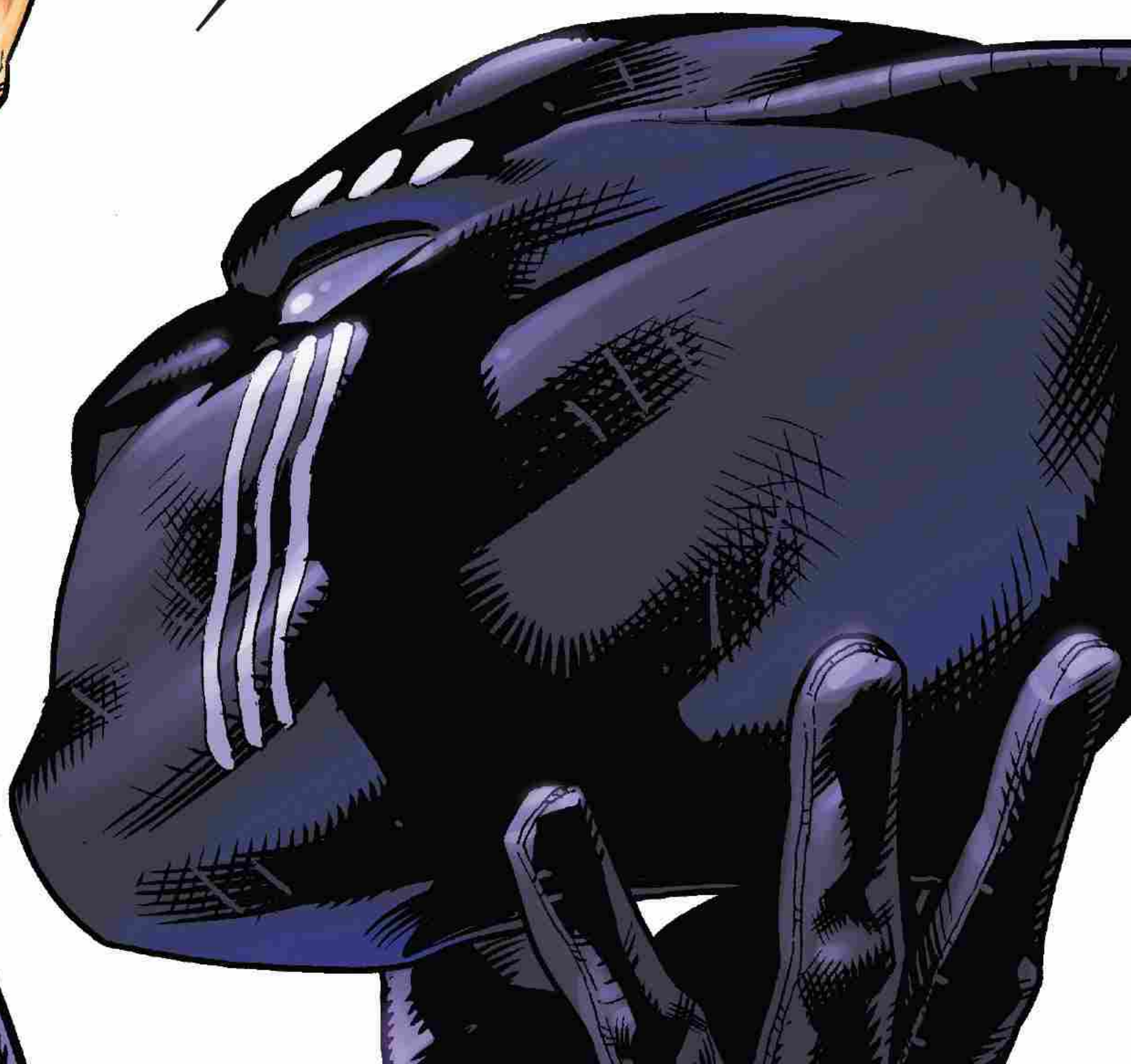
YOU HAVE
TRAVELED WIDELY.
EDUCATED ABROAD.
ALLIES AROUND THE
GLOBE. WOULD IT
NOT BE WISE TO
SEEK ASYLUM
ELSEWHERE?



IT WOULD
BE WISER TO
LEAVE, YES.

BUT PEOPLE
SHOULD KNOW
THAT THE NATION
IS STILL UNDER
THE PROTECTION
OF THE BLACK
PANTHER.

AND I HEAR
YOU ARE AN AIDE
TO THOSE WHO
HAVE LOST
THEIR WAY.





IT'S FUNNY...



...EVERY SECOND THAT PASSES...



...I WANT TO OFFER YOU A CUP OF TEA, AND I CANNOT.

ABSENT THAT, I'M AFRAID I'VE LOST ALL MY SOCIAL GRACES, YOUR... T'CHALLA-NESS.



THEN LET ME MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU AND TELL YOU WHY I AM HERE.

YOU SEE, YOU AND I HAVE ACTUALLY MET BEFORE.



OUR FAMILIES ARE DEEPLY LINKED. YOUR FATHER SERVED AS AN ADVISOR TO MY GRANDFATHER AND TO MY FATHER AND MOTHER.

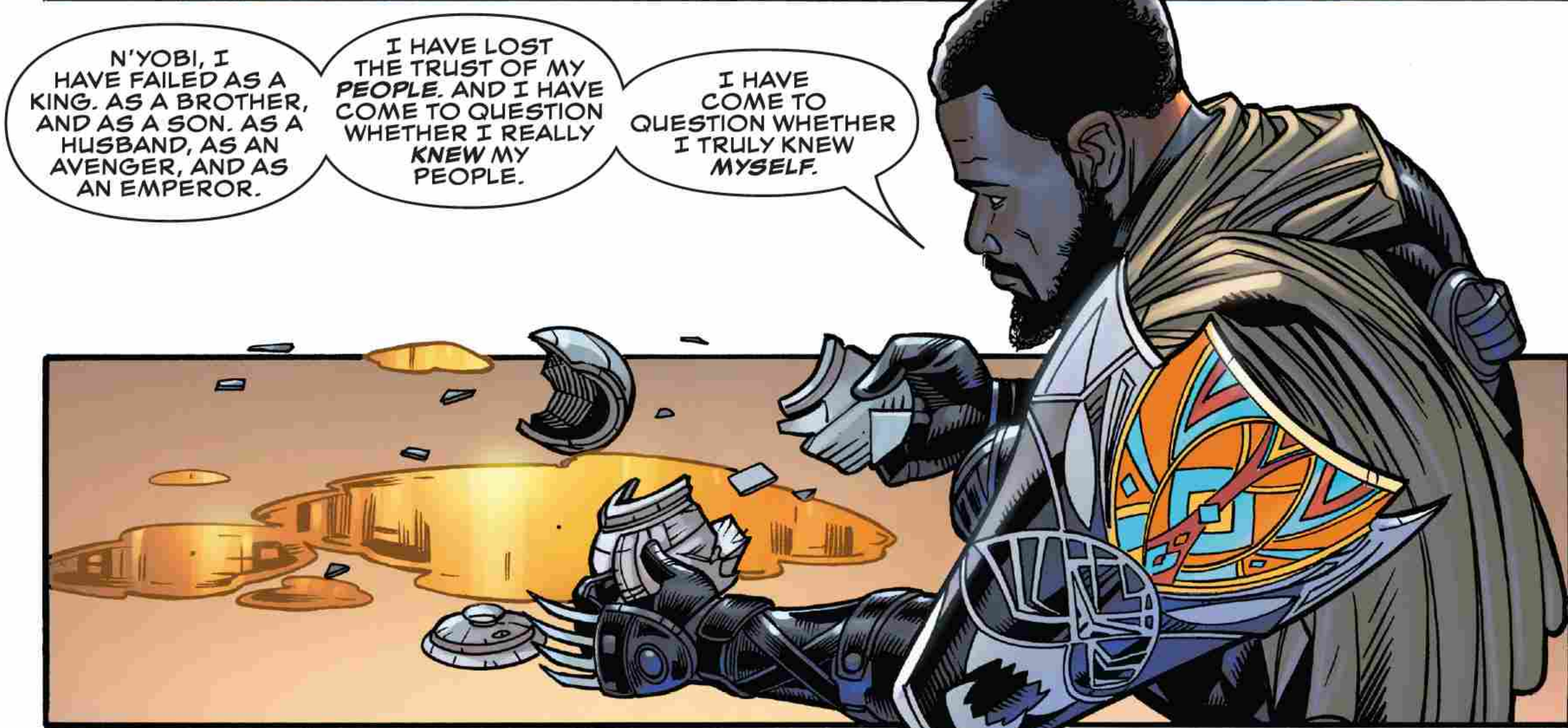
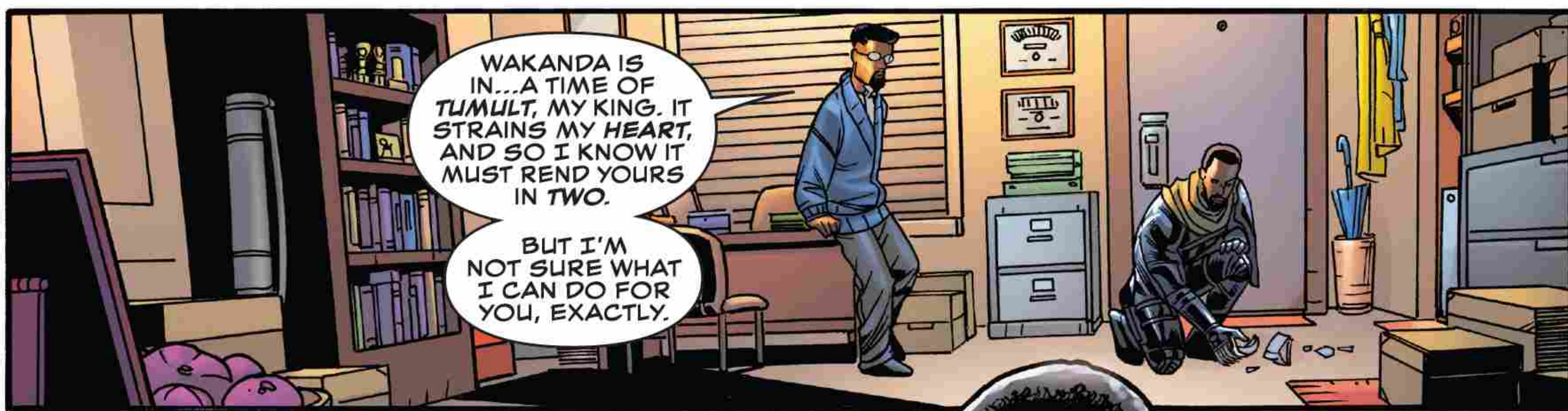
THAT'S YOU AND ME? AND MY FATHER...

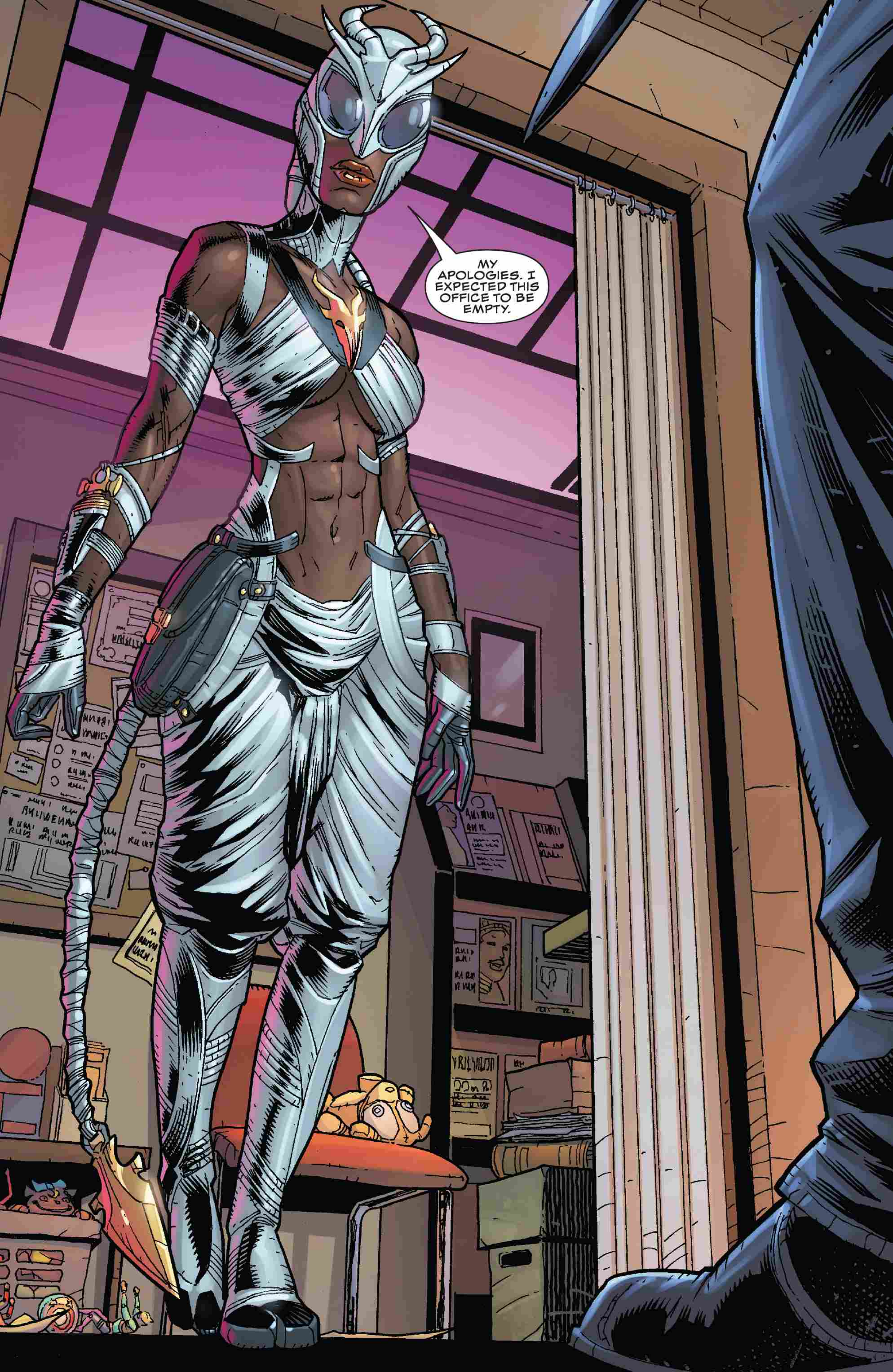


...CHANGAMIRE?

YOU CALL YOUR FATHER BY HIS GIVEN NAME?

WE HAVE A COMPLICATED RELATIONSHIP.





MY APOLOGIES. I EXPECTED THIS OFFICE TO BE EMPTY.





ONCE MORE,
BIRNIN T'CHAKA
HAS MADE A
FOOL OF ME.

INSCRUTABLE CITY.
CITY THAT BEARS
MY FATHER'S NAME.



OH, MY
COUNTRY.



MY
PEOPLE.

WHO AM I
AMONG YOU?



MY SISTER.
WHAT IS SO
REMARKABLE
THAT YOU HAD
TO SHOW ME
IN PERSON?

AH, WORO. THIS
IS THE WEAPON WE
NEED TO FINALLY STRIKE
BABA AND THE NKISU
FAMILY FROM THIS
VERY EARTH. BUT IT'S
NOT A WHAT...



...IT'S A
WHO.



NEXT: DEATHLOK

WELCOME

What's good, Wakandans and honorary Wakandans! Greetings to faithful readers and newbies alike. So amazing to have you aboard as we witness a new chapter in the Black Panther mythos.

My jaw fell to the floor when editor extraordinaire Wil Moss called me to ask if I wanted the opportunity to write about T'Challa, and I'm not sure I ever totally picked it back up, but if you're reading this, I guess it means this wasn't a wild dream after all. Although, with how unreal Chris Allen's art is in this issue, made even more intense by Jesus Aburtov's colors, I feel like I still need to pinch myself. With Joe Sabino on letters rounding out the squad, our team for this book is looking pretty strong, if I do say so myself.

So, when we last left our hero, he was a king without a country, a man without a nation. As a writer, this was a pretty big narrative challenge. I was asking myself the same question T'Challa asks in this issue: Who is he if he's not Wakanda's symbol and protector? I knew that I didn't want to keep him away from his Panther duties for too long, but I also knew that I didn't want to restore things to the status quo too easily.

When I start any story as a comics creator, I put on my hat as a fan and reader, and I ask, "What is it I've always wanted to see, know or understand about this character?" I have always wanted to see more of Wakanda and its people, and I thought that this would be a perfect opportunity to show a different side of the world T'Challa inhabits. After all, do we really know a nation if we only know its royals and its capital city? (That's another question T'Challa is asking himself...and the answer would seem to be, "Hmmm...not so much.")

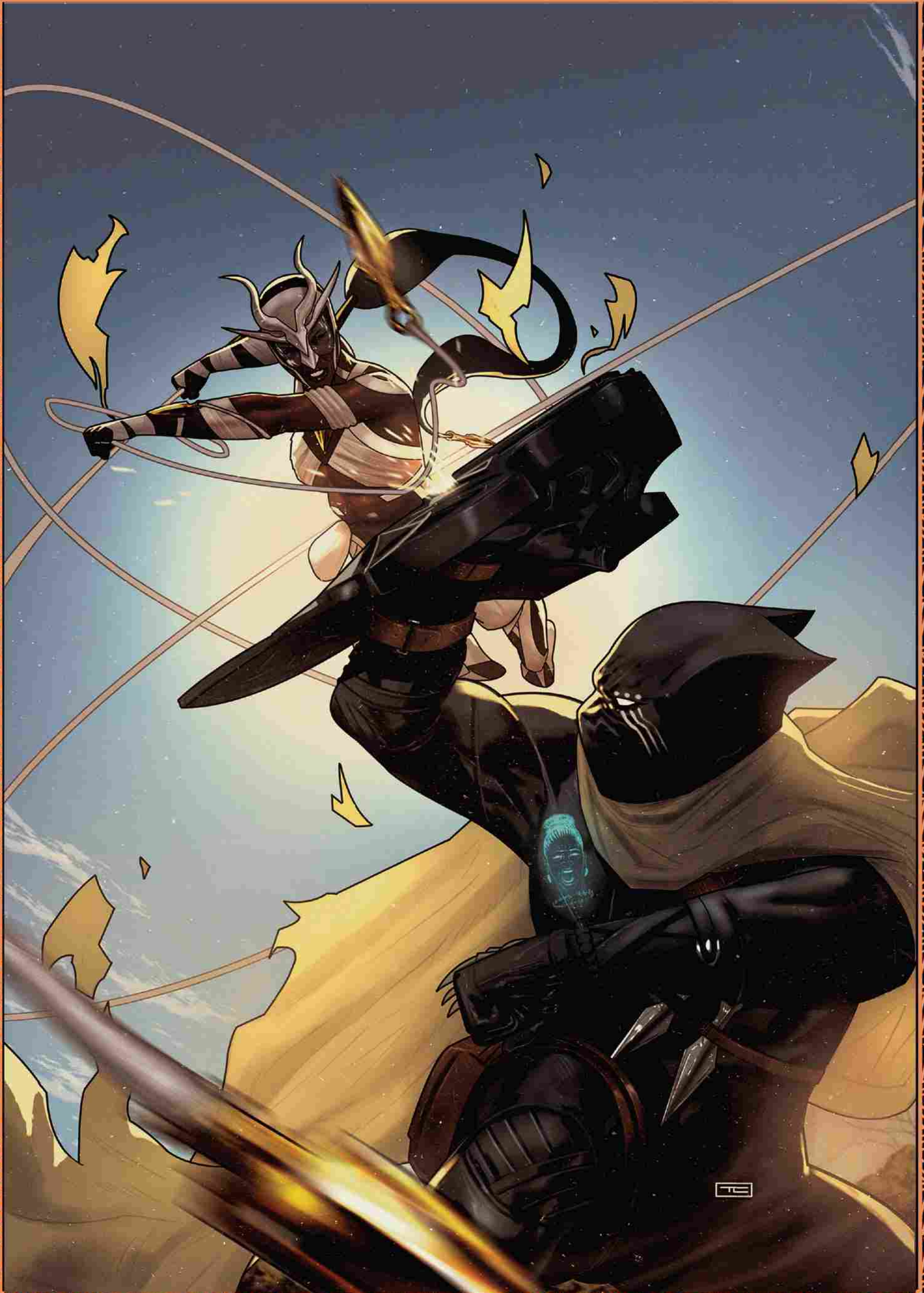
I'm excited to show you the down-to-earth city of Birnin T'Chaka and lots of cool new stuff, while also celebrating the core of this legacy character we all know and love. I am standing on the shoulders of the many giants who have put their touches on BLACK PANTHER and hoping to do them proud--and do the character proud, as well as the countless fans he has around the globe.

So thanks for giving us a shot. Hope you'll keep rocking with us and see what lies in store for the once (and future???) king.

**Wakanda forever,
Eve**

WE WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU! WRITE US AT MHEROES@MARVEL.COM AND MARK YOUR LETTERS "OKAY TO PRINT"!

NEXT : #2



SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

